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RICHARD W. THOMPSON

MEMORIAL

A. B. MORSE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
ST. JOSEPH, MICHIGAN

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Introduction

Richard Wigginton Thompson was born in Virginia while the echoes of the Revolutionary War were distinctly audible. Reared among men who participated in that great struggle and in the formation of the Republic, governmental affairs were the chief subjects he heard discussed during his boyhood. Quite naturally this gave his mind a bent towards statecraft that continued to the end of his long life. Moreover, he was peculiarly gifted for participation in public affairs. Graceful, fluent, forcible, eloquent speech came to him as song comes to a bird. He was a born orator. Added to this equipment were the clarion voice that enabled him to reach the largest crowd, and a personal presence that attracted men to him. Naturally, therefore, he became the spokesman for his fellows on all public occasions, and thus, without conscious effort on his part, he entered public life.

As ready with his pen as with his tongue, he was for many years, whether in or out of office,—and his marked preference was for private station, and he expended more effort to keep out of office than most men spend to get office,—the formula-

tor of policies, the writer of platforms, the advocate of his party in the press and on the platform. For more than a half century it could have been truly said of his country's progress and its political history,—all of which he saw and much of which he was.

The evening of his days was spent in his library at his home in Terre Haute among his books, surrounded by his family and his friends. And when the end came, the town and State and Nation mourned his loss. Tributes to his life and in honor of his memory came from every quarter.

It has seemed fitting, therefore, to gather these scattered roses and weave them into a garland. That has been done and constitutes this memorial volume.

W. C. BALL.

A BRIEF SKETCH

Order Secretary Navy

GENERAL ORDER
No. 539.

NAVY DEPARTMENT.
WASHINGTON, D. C., February 12, 1900.

The Secretary announces to the Navy and Marine Corps the death, on the 9th instant, at Terre Haute, Indiana, of the Honorable Richard W. Thompson, formerly Secretary of the Navy.

As a mark of respect to his service in that high official position, extending from March, 1877, to December, 1880, under the administration of President Hayes, and as a deserved tribute to his memory, this order is issued and will be placed upon the records of the Department.

JOHN D. LONG,
Secretary of the Navy.

A Brief Sketch

On the birthday and wedding day of his mother — February 9, 1900 — Richard Wigginton Thompson died. He was born June 9, 1809, in Culpepper County, Virginia.

His father, William Mills Thompson, was a merchant in the Town of Culpepper and a farmer in the same county.

Both his grandfathers were officers in the Revolutionary War.

His maternal grandfather, Major William Broadus, was for many years United States Paymaster and stationed at Harper's Ferry. He was an ardent Federalist, a friend and on the staff of Washington.

His mother, Katherine, died when he was ten years of age. His father then married Miss Mildred Ball, a grand niece of George Washington and granddaughter of Charles Washington.

During his boyhood days he worked on his father's farm.

His early education was obtained in a classical school, supported by the Glebe, which was in charge of a scholarly Rector.

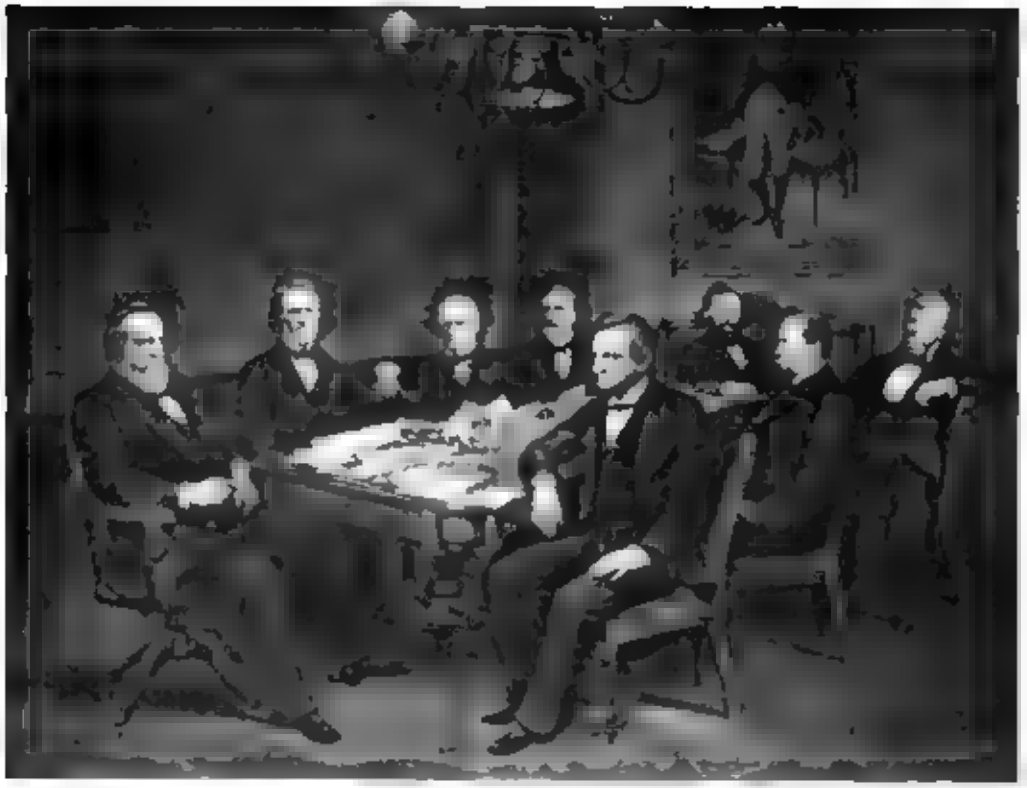
His higher education was supervised by a tutor employed for this purpose in his country home, and when he had attained his majority he had a liberal education for that time.

He was a devoted student of history and his political opinions were well and clearly defined at an early age.

His father having married into the Washington family, his home became the scene of many gatherings of notable men,—old men who had been active in the Revolution.

Federalists and friends of Washington assembled at their fireside and discussed the questions of State regarding the youthful government.

However, his father was an adherent of Jefferson and a strong personal friend of Jackson, but the Federalists were always welcome guests at the Thompson home. These revolutionary soldiers had fought for the independence of the Colonies and were emphatic in their opinions on the questions dividing the political opinions of the citizens of that day. While listening to these revolutionary stories and discussions, bent was given to the mind of young Thompson and the idea of a strong centralized government became the dominant idea in his political make-up.



His mother was a Federalist and so were her people and after his mother's death he was reared principally by an aunt on his mother's side. She, and her people, had much to do in shaping his political opinions.

At an early age he made a trip on horseback into Tennessee for the purpose of disposing of a farm belonging to his father Having once seen the West, he determined to return.

About the time of his majority he went to Louisville and while working in a store there, he made the acquaintance of a merchant from Bedford, Indiana, who had come to this store to purchase goods. As a result of this acquaintance, he determined to go to Bedford. While at Bedford he clerked in a store, arriving there with fifty cents,—all the money he had in the world.

His education was far in advance of the education of most people in that locality and he was engaged to teach in the Seminary. The late Judge A B. Carlton, a lawyer in this city, and the late celebrated Dr. Elkana Williams, of Cincinnati, were among his students. His teaching was of short duration. Having an opportunity to purchase some law books, he bought them, and

after the store was closed he read them over and over by candle light.

His early history at Bedford is better told in the following story by Alexander Donahue:

"I was down at Louisville buying goods in 1831, I think it was. While there I was introduced to a young man by the name of Thompson. He did not look to be more than 18 years old. He told me he came from Virginia and asked me if there was any "opening" in or about Bedford, and I asked him if he could teach school He said he didn't know, he could try, he didn't suppose the higher branches were taught. I told him "No," and then he said he would go with me We started the same afternoon, Thompson borrowing a horse to make the trip.

"On reaching Bedford I employed him to clerk in the store. Afterwards he was given a school. At the close of the term my employer, afterwards my father-in-law, took him into the store and gave him a clerkship. He and I slept together on a counter for a year and a half We would make our bed by spreading a bolt or two of cloth from the shelf out on the counter, placing another roll under our heads for pillows

"He picked up a copy of the Statutes somewhere soon after entering the store and began reading it carefully. Dick, you know, never forgets anything he reads, and in a little while he knew the laws of Indiana, as they then existed, by heart.

"One day a fellow came into the store in a "state of mind." He was involved in a scrape and the lawyers in town had been retained on the opposing side.

Thompson volunteered to defend the man, and, to the surprise of everybody, cleared him. His conduct of the case and his exposition of the law excited the wonder and admiration of the inhabitants, and after that everybody wanted that 'little Thompson,' as they used to call him, when they got into trouble.

"In a few months he was obliged to give up his position in the store and devote his whole time to the legal business that piled upon him. His talents and devotion to the law attracted the attention of Judge Dewey of Charlestown, Indiana, who loaned him books with which to finish his course of reading. In three or four months he was regularly admitted to the bar, and from that time on it was smooth sailing.

"He lived in Bedford twelve or thirteen years, during which time we sent him to the Legislature twice and the State Senate once, and finally we sent him to Congress. At the expiration of his term in Congress he moved to Terre Haute."

In 1834 he made a canvass for the Legislature, with the understanding that his salary as clerk should continue while making the canvass. He was re-elected in 1835 and in 1836 was elected to the State Senate. While in the Senate he was chosen President Pro Tem, and after the resignation of Lieutenant-Governor Wallace, during the administration of Governor Noble, Thompson acted as Lieutenant-Governor.

His title of "Colonel" was bestowed upon him

when he held that rank on Governor Noble's staff, by which title he was known all his life, notwithstanding he held the commission of "Captain" during the Rebellion and was the Judge of his Circuit.

His first law partnership was with George G. Dunn at Bedford. Mr. Dunn was afterwards elected to Congress.

In the stormy campaign of 1840, as an Elector-at-Large for Harrison, was when his power on the stump was felt all over Indiana This will ever remain historical and to this presidential battle he owed his unanimous nomination for Congress the next year. In 1841 he was elected, running against the Honorable John W. Davis, who afterwards was U. S. Commissioner to China and Speaker of the National House of Representatives.

At the end of this Congressional term, in 1843, believing that Terre Haute would be a city of importance and desiring to locate in a larger place, he moved there to practice law and make his future home.

In 1847, and without his knowledge, he was nominated for Congress in the Terre Haute District, running against the Honorable Joseph A. Wright, who afterwards became Governor of

Indiana. He was elected and while in this Congress his acquaintance commenced with Mr. Lincoln, and this acquaintance ripened into an intimate friendship, which grew and strengthened with time and they became close and confidential friends.

It may be of interest to incorporate in this sketch an autograph letter of Mr. Lincoln's, which would give the reader some idea as to the estimation in which Mr. Lincoln held Colonel Thompson, especially the postscript of the letter.

Also another letter of a subsequent date from the Secretary of State, the Honorable John M. Clayton, which conveys the information that Colonel Thompson had declined the position.

A special session of Congress was called by President Harrison, who did not live to see it convened. It was a remarkable body and many of the men who were either famous at that time, or who afterwards became so, were members.

Among his colleagues in the House were Governor Wise and J. Minor Botts, Winthrop, Cushing and John Quincy Adams, Fillmore and Fernando Wood, Harvey M. Watterson and John Marshall, Joshua R. Giddings and Wm. P. Fessenden.

Among the great senators were Franklin Pierce, Rufus Choate, Levi Woodbury, James Buchanan, Wm. R. King, Calhoun and Butler, Oliver H. Smith and Thos. H. Benton and Henry Clay.

Having served this congressional term, he was never again a candidate for any office at the hands of the people, nor was he an applicant after that for any political position.

In 1849, as heretofore stated, he was tendered the appointment of Minister to Austria by President Taylor, but declined. He was endorsed for that appointment, without his knowledge, by Mr. Lincoln, then a member of Congress. Afterwards he was appointed General Solicitor of the Land Office by President Fillmore, which he declined. Mr. Lincoln appointed him Judge of the Court of Claims, a life position. This he also declined. Then the President tendered him the position of Examiner of the Central Railroad. This he declined.

At the beginning of the War of the Rebellion Colonel Thompson was in Washington much of the time and a great many of his evenings were spent at the White House, with the President, after his callers had gone, telling stories to each other and discussing questions uppermost in the minds of

both of them and the great questions affecting the conduct of the war.

The most momentous question of his life confronted him on the breaking out of the Rebellion.

He inherited slaves when he attained his majority and on that same day he stripped off their chains.

It was in the 30th Congress that Mr. Thompson and Mr. Lincoln met,—Virginian and Kentuckian, standing side by side on all questions. Notwithstanding he had been an Abolitionist with his own personal property, yet he and Lincoln were the only two northern Whigs in Congress who voted against the proposition to abolish slave trade in the District of Columbia.

Thompson was a Southern man. When Sumpter was fired on and the first red signal fires of the Civil War burst out in flames, though importuned by his own people in the Old Dominion, who were high up in the armed confederacy, to stand by his kindred and his native state, yet when the burning question—"Shall the Union Live?"—came to him for answer, his voice and energies were for the Union.

His law books were laid aside; his services were tendered to Governor Morton and to Mr. Lin-

coln. He was appointed Provost Marshal to assist in raising troops. He organized and drilled the 71st, 85th and 97th Regiments at Camp Dick Thompson. From the firing of the first gun until Lee's surrender his waking hours were given to his country.

With him the war was over when Lee gave up his sword to Grant. He had but little sympathy with the carpet bag government as maintained in the South, and when the Hayes' Cabinet withdrew the U. S. troops from guarding the State House in Charlestown, it did not meet with any opposition from him He maintained that these guards were a standing provoke and a useless menace, tending to keep alive the war feelings, which could do no good to the Union and certainly none to the South. It was a good time to commence a reconciliation,—a reconciliation completed by McKinley—waiting only for the sinking of the Maine to more fully merge it into a national brotherhood.

After the close of the war he served as Collector of Internal Revenue and Judge of the Circuit Court by appointment.

With these exceptions, he held no public office until called into the Cabinet of President Hayes in 1877 as Secretary of the Navy, which position he

Springfield Ill. July 9 1849

Hon Secretary of State

Dear Sir

I have the honor of your
excellent favor of Hon W D Thompson of Illinois
before you for some explanation upon the subject
he has to speak you to the [illegible]
matter of [illegible] and [illegible] of your [illegible]
I am ready [illegible] the [illegible]

Yours [illegible]

[illegible]

P.S. The letter is written by Hon Thompson and
wholly without my knowledge

A.L.

held until he resigned to take charge of the affairs of the Panama Canal Company in this country.

Before his appointment as Secretary of the Navy he had held the position of General Counsel for the Vandalia Railroad Company for twenty-five years, beginning with that Company when Chauncey Rose, Esquire, of Terre Haute, constructed the same.

Be it said to the credit of President Hayes that he selected for his Cabinet men that he had confidence in, and, having this confidence, he expected them to control their departments. He did not look upon them as clerks, nor did he take credit personally for the acts of the members of his Cabinet.

Colonel Thompson managed the Navy Department along business lines, having for his ultimate object the up-building and Americanizing our navy. It was soon after accepting this portfolio that the impression gained current and became understood that the moneys belonging to the Government and whatever Congress appropriated for his Department, unless needed or used, would be turned back into the treasury.

Speaking of his duties and his methods at that time he said:

"I have the Department running to suit me. I have had everything to learn,—how the business of the Department was conducted and how it should be done. Now it is fair sailing I did not recognize any opposition to my methods. There is but one head in the navy and I am the man and I did not ask or care if anybody objected to my management When my investigations gave a man trouble and he expressed a desire to resign, I told him he could resign when his accounts with the Government were settled, not before. The abuses which have crept into the navy are very easily remedied. I accept no contract without a guarantee and the completion of the job. I have put a stop to the sale of Government property at less than its cash value."

His acts as Secretary of the Navy are a part of the public records. But there are two events that occur to my mind which should be briefly referred to:

On assuming his duties, it became evident to his mind that there ought to be some changes. He was given an absolutely free hand by the President.

Among other things, he found that a majority of our seamen in the Navy were foreigners and could not speak our language, and it occurred to him that they might not be entirely safe to rely upon in case of war with a foreign power. In order to place the Navy on a safer basis for emer-

gencies he inaugurated and organized what he called "Naval Training Ships," and recruited American boys to be trained for Seamen. In the first squad recruited were eleven taken from the City of Terre Haute, and the first review of these American Seamen took place at Fortress Monroe, fifteen ships taking part in the review. This was the beginning of the Americanizing of the American Navy.

In view of our recent expansion in the East, in taking over the Philippines, it may be of interest to refer to the opening up of commercial relations with Corea I find a memorandum written on the fly-leaf of a book, which explains itself and is as follows:

"While Secretary of the Navy, I placed the U. S. S. Ticonderoga under the command of Commodore R. W Shufeldt, with instructions to circumnavigate the world with the view to the extension of American commerce My instructions to him were dated October 9, 1878. Among other things, they contained the following 'To visit some part of Corea with the endeavor to re-open, by peaceful measures, negotiations with that government. It is believed that the attack upon the Corean forts in 1871 is susceptible of satisfactory explanation and that a moderate and conciliatory course towards the government would result in the opening of the ports of that country to Amer-

can commerce. You will give special consideration to this subject.'

"Commodore Shufeldt visited Corea and contributed very materially, it is believed, to the establishing of commercial relations with that country His report remains on file in the Navy Department, never having been published.—R. W. T."

About three months before the term of President Hayes expired, and on the advice of the Honorable John Sherman and others, he accepted the position of the Chairmanship of The American Committee of the Panama Canal Company, which he held nine years. Connected with the Committee and the organization were three financial institutions of New York City,—Drexel, Morgan & Co., Winslow, Lanier & Co., and J. & W. Selligman.

At the beginning of his services with that company he purchased the Panama Railroad Company, giving a check for the same, which at that time was the largest single check that had been given in any business transaction of this country. After its purchase he was made Vice-president of the Railroad Company, with a large salary, not one dollar of which he ever drew, believing that his salary from the Canal Company was sufficient pay for his services, as that salary was three times

that of a cabinet officer. The last three years of his connection with the Canal Company he reduced his salary voluntarily one-half

When the Panama Canal Company in Paris went into bankruptcy, this ended his connection with that Company Afterwards there was a Congressional investigation and the Committee came from Washington, consisting of Mr. Patterson of Tennessee and Mr Bellamy Storer of Ohio as a Sub-committee. The examination took place in the Colonel's library. It was at this examination that he first knew that these banking houses had been receiving enormous annual allowances for their services and influence in connection with the canal in this country.

The Committee did not wait until they returned to Washington to make a report to Congress to exonerate Colonel Thompson, but frankly, in his own residence and in his own library, told him that no blame would be or could be attached to him in any manner for his actions or work in connection with his position as Chairman of the Panama Canal Company.

It must be borne in mind that his duties in connection with the Canal Company were very exacting. He spent a great deal of his time in his

office in New York City, also looking after its affairs in Washington and with Congress.

He understood the temper of the American people and their methods of expediting business. He was earnestly in favor of digging the Canal by contract, believing that the American Contractors would complete the work in a shorter time and for less money than the way the work was then being handled. He tried to impress this fact on the company at Paris, but his advice availed little.

Nothing is accomplished without opposition and there was a great deal of opposition manifested from time to time at the idea of the French gaining a foothold on American soil. Important questions had to be discussed and determined. Among the lawyers employed by Colonel Thompson were Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll and others. While Colonel Thompson was a religious man, yet his admiration for Colonel Ingersoll was as intense as for any other man then living, and from that time on, they were lasting friends. One of the last acts of Colonel Ingersoll's life was to look after Colonel Thompson's interest in the courts of New York City.

Severing his connection with the Panama Canal Company, he spent the remainder of his days in

thinking, studying, planning and reading about the welfare of his country and her people. His hours were spent in his library surrounded by his family and his friends. Here he would be found working until midnight, while all the people on his street were asleep.

The writer had heard that he was an applicant for the position of U. S. District Judge of Indiana at the time Judge Gresham was appointed and asked the Colonel if he had been an applicant for this position. He smilingly but firmly said that he had not been an applicant, but he afterwards learned that his name had been used by some of his friends in that connection, but that Senator Morton doubted the advisability of appointing him because he was too old, and that President Grant was of the same opinion. Hesitating a minute he said, "I have lived to preach both of their funerals."

He did not hesitate to impress his opinions upon others, but did not do so in an uninviting way,—in fact he was always thinking, and thinking out loud.

He was for progress,—for education. He was one of the first Trustees of the State Normal.

When in Congress and the Father of the Tele-

graph asked for a subsidy to build a line from Baltimore to Washington, he was on the Committee and went to New York to examine Morse's invention. Having examined it, he voted a subsidy out of the National Treasury to build the line.

This cost his colleague, Mr. Wallace, his next election.

He was among the first to advocate a railroad to the Pacific Coast.

His range of reading was as wide as the range of literature and the natural sciences. He studied all questions, whether religious, secular or political, and one of his most intimate friends when he first came to Terre Haute was Father Lalumiere of St Joseph's Church. His friendships were always strong, so this friendship between the lawyer and the priest was a strong one. They agreed politically but not religiously and the outcome of these friendly discussions on religious matters was the "Papacy and the Civil Power," and his further researches into these questions led him to write the additional work, "Footprints of the Jesuits."

The writing of his "Personal Recollections" came about by the following incident,—the Terre Haute Literary Club, which held weekly meetings, was without a reader for its next meeting and

having but three days in which to secure one and knowing that the Colonel was always ready, they requested him to give his recollections of the great men that he had met, or his experience in Washington, or any subject along that line that he might select. Having no time in which to think about his subject or to put it in any form, he simply gave the Society a "talk" on the subject of his "Recollections of the Presidents." Unknown to him his "talk" was taken by a stenographer and when transcribed and handed to him, he was surprised that he had been reported. He corrected and added to this manuscript until he became interested in the subject about which he had talked, and this continued interest led finally to his writing his "Personal Recollections of the Presidents."

He believed in American Protection as a means of building up American industries, and believed in discriminating against foreign manufacturers and in favor of our factories and our own market. He believed that when our factories and our productions were protected, the laboring man would and should receive the benefits therefrom, and, not be placed on a level with foreign labor. Consequently, he had always advocated a Protective Tariff. For this doctrine, his pen and voice were

always ready; and to show and prove that his doctrine on this subject should be the policy of this government, he wrote the "History of the Tariff."

He was a man who was careful of his personal appearance and just as careful of his language and speech. His language was always chaste and never in the presence of gentlemen did he utter any word that was not fit to be spoken to ears most polite.

His interest in young men was the absorbing thought of his mind in the latter part of his life and he gave much of his time to their entertainment and instruction by lectures. The Rose Polytechnic Institute, of which he was one of the Managers and for a time President of its Board of Managers, was the object of a great deal of his attention. The older he grew the fonder he became of the young, and it seemed that age was merging into the ways of childhood.

He gave no thought to money, but only looked upon it as a means of living. If you measure this man by what he did for his country and his people and party and government, his life was a success. If you measure him by the accumulation of wealth, notwithstanding he was in a position to have ac-

Department of State.
Washington March 30 1850

Richard M Thompson Esqr
&c &c &c

I received your letter of the
15th instant declining the appointment which the
President had determined to confer upon you of the
[illegible] Ministers or Officers to the
[illegible] of Honduras to take effect on the general exchange
and ratifications of the Convention of this Month by the
Governments.

Until I know the reasons of the
delay which has occasioned
so much uneasiness
of mind to you and Mrs Thompson
I am unwilling to credit
your declining the appointment
John M Clayton

quired much, then his life was a failure. He came into the world and into the State of Indiana with no possessions. He left the world with no estate, except a good name.

His mind was continually on his studies. He was an omniverous reader. No student ever put in more hours with his books and his mind was continually on the welfare of his country and of its people.

In 1840 he made a canvass of the State of Indiana as Elector-at-Large for Harrison, and forty-eight and fifty-two years afterwards he gave as loyal and ardent support, making speeches not only in Indiana but in Illinois and Ohio, for the elder Harrison's grandson.

Long before his death he was the only survivor of the Indiana Legislature of 1834 and the only living member of Congress of 1841 and 1847 and the only surviving member of Hayes' Cabinet, except Sherman, Schurz and Evarts.

Fifty years is a long stretch of time in a lifetime but that comprehends the period between his election to the Indiana Legislature and his retirement from office of Secretary of the Navy, and yet, nineteen years of his life was spared after his retirement from office, all of which time was spent

as earnestly for his country as when he held office. It was during his retirement and after he was over seventy years of age that he gave his best thought to the country, free from political bias or prejudice, about the administrations of the sixteen Presidents of the United States.

Taking his life all in all, one of the most marvelous things about it was its active working longevity. When asked what mode of life he had adopted to keep himself in such excellent physical condition, he replied:

"None in particular. I have just lived naturally. I have never set down any rules of life and followed them. I have done about as I pleased. I have been out in all kinds of weather, at all times of day and night. In the matter of drinking I have always been a temperate man. In all the years I spent in Washington, I never drank so much as a glass of wine. I felt that I needed all my faculties and decided I would take no chance of impairing them."

One of the favored themes he loved to dwell upon was the life and character of John Quincy Adams. In 1889 he delivered a lecture in Washington on Adams, Jackson and Clay, in which he said:

"I do not know any man in this country comparable to Mr Clay as an orator, and I have heard, it would

be impossible for me to say how many,—but all the distinguished men of this country for the past fifty years. Clay was not like Webster I remember his farewell address when he left the Senate. He stood among his friends and among those who had been his enemies and bade farewell forever, as he supposed, to his associates and implored the blessings of the Almighty God to rest upon the members of the Senate and upon the entire country. There was not a dry eye I saw him advance and shake hands with Calhoun. They had not spoken for years. It was a great sight and I felt when I saw it that I was a better man than I was before. These two great adversaries grasped each other's hands in friendship and forgot at the instant all their enmities. They both shed tears; neither of them could speak."

Of John Quincy Adams, he said:

"I served in Congress with him more than three years and saw him when he fell at his desk He died like a medieval knight, with his armor on ready for conflict or peace, ready to receive a favor or an injury, more ready to strike back harder and stronger than he was struck One moment he was as simple and playful as a child; another, when aroused by the assaults of his adversary, he was as fierce as an unchained tiger With his death came a void which perhaps has not yet been filled and may never be. He had served the country during his entire life and died with his harness on."

Speaking of General Jackson, he said:

"I heard him read his inaugural address and with

my father called upon him at the White House. Jackson was not an orator. If there ever lived in this land a man who loved the country better, was more ready and willing to make sacrifices for the Union history gives no account of him."

Colonel Thompson received many great ovations during his long public life in Congress, as Secretary of the Navy, and when he delivered his speech at Baltimore, but there was no occasion or demonstration which gave him more joy than when the citizens of Terre Haute, of all classes and conditions, united to celebrate his 85th birthday in 1894. This occasion was the crowning glory of his life. Great men of the country came from far and near to mingle with his own fellow citizens to pay their respects to him and when they had all spoken, the last of whom was President Harrison, whose speech had seldom been equaled on any rostrum, the Colonel rose and said:

"I cannot express my gratitude. I have simply attempted to discharge every obligation imposed upon me by my fellow-citizens, whether in public or in private life. The fathers of the men around me on this stage held the places of responsibility when I came to Indiana sixty years ago. They laid the foundations and used their strength to make Indiana what she is to-day," and, said he, turning to President Harrison,

"no man did more than your grandfather. All honor to the name of Harrison."

His 90th birthday was celebrated at the banquet table at the Terre Haute House by the Thompson Club, surrounded by more than 250 of his friends. It was presided over by W. W. Parsons, President of the State Normal School, and the Honorable Charles Landis was the principal speaker of the occasion, who was followed by the Honorable George I. Reed, who had been an ardent friend of the Colonel all his life.

Among other things Mr. Landis said:

"A listening youth, from the lips of the Continental soldiers, he learned the history of his country. He saw Appomattox years before it came, he wept with Lincoln over the country's sorrow, but never failed to stand by Morton, the man of iron. He has always stood for growth and progress and to-day at 90 years, he is still young, and to-night we greet him, we congratulate him, and we extend assurances to him of our love and veneration."

It was midnight before he rose to reply to the various speeches at this reception, and he closed his remarks by saying:

"No man lives to-day who served with me in the Legislature of this State. I came to Indiana,—God bless Indiana—it has been a father and a mother to

me, I have tried to be a devoted son to her. I came to Terre Haute,—God bless Terre Haute. I learned my politics in the revolutionary school when I sat on the knee of my grandfather, who served with Washington."

Before another of his birthdays could be honored by the citizens of the city he loved so well, before the succeeding Winter's storms had passed and another Spring had come, he began to fail,—old age, the unvanquished reaper of the lives of all, was to be reckoned with and to be reckoned with without delay. It was becoming apparent that his long, useful and eventful career was drawing to a close.

No more great conventions, no more services to his country, no more orations to move the multitudes, no troops of little children to hand him flowers on birthdays, for he had lived three generations and his last fight was coming on with an adversary that had never been conquered.

His physician, Dr. W. H Roberts, was in faithful, constant attendance. He had been troubled with nausea for four weeks before taking to his bed. The strongest part of his physical organization—his stomach—began to fail him. The last solid food which he ate was an egg prepared by his little grandson, for whom he would do any-

thing. As his appetite gradually left, he only took nourishment at the urgent request of his family. In all his former attacks, he quickly recovered because his stomach was his strong resource, and by his ability to take nourishment he was quickly restored to himself again. But the last hope was gone when this vital resource failed to come to his rescue and his once powerful constitution was unsupported.

A gradual dissolution of the faculties commenced, like the burning down of a candle. He had lived his allotted span of life,—nearly 91 years, for four days on the brink of the chasm separating this life from that beyond. His bedroom, where he was confined six days before his death, was across the hall from his library. He tried to walk the floor but had to be supported, soon became exhausted, and would lie down. His mind was as bright as ever until the last three days. His last intelligible words were to inquire if the different members of his family were at his bedside.

In the three days of his delirium he tried over some of the most noted lawsuits in which he had figured,—went over the scenes of the stormy days of the Rebellion, became blind and asked for more light, and his pulse quickened, then it was

painfully evident that his mind was wandering back to his former activities and his strongest faculty—his mind—was the last to leave him.

At one o'clock and ten minutes, on the 9th day of February, he expired, surrounded by all his family, who could be present, and his grandchildren and relatives. Peacefully and quietly was the end of the earthly career of one of the kindliest, most lovable and truest of men,—at perfect peace with every human being.

Truly it has been said that he was the last connecting link between the Fathers of the Republic and the present generation. His own kindred were connected with the family of the Father of his Country; he had seen and heard Patrick Henry, LaFayette, and the writer of the Declaration, was a companion of Clay and Webster and Adams; had seen the soldiers of the Revolution; had seen the Statesmen who made the Articles of Confederation, the signers of the Declaration, the framers of the Constitution; and, when a boy, had sat on the knees of those who fought at King's Mountain, Brandywine, and Yorktown.

D. W. H.

TELEGRAMS AND LETTERS

Telegrams and Letters

PRES'T WM. McKINLEY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
February 10.

Please receive for the family of the late Secretary Thompson the sincere sympathy of Mrs. McKinley and myself. WILLIAM MCKINLEY

GOV. JAMES A. MOUNT.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, INDIANAPOLIS,
INDIANA, February 9.

I mourn the death of Colonel Thompson and I beg you to convey to the bereaved members of his family my heartfelt sympathy. He was Indiana's "Grand Old Man." Sincerely beloved by all our people, and although he was allowed the age of the Psalmist's limit of human life, his loss will be keenly felt, not only in Indiana, but throughout the Union he served so long, so faithfully, and so well JAMES A. MOUNT.

RICHARD W THOMPSON

EX-PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON,

1214 North Delaware Street,
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

I was greatly grieved by the news of the death of Colonel Thompson and beg to express to all the members of his family my sympathy with them over their great loss. He had so gallantly defied the assaults of old age upon his physical and mental powers that we did not think of him as a very old man. His career is a most honored and notable one and he will be very widely mourned. I fear I will not be able, as I wish, to attend the funeral services by reason of a very severe and obstinate cold that has hung about me for some weeks.

I will, however, in spirit, if not in bodily presence, follow its venerable form to its resting place.

Very sincerely yours.

BENJ. HARRISON.

U. S. SENATOR CHAS. W. FAIRBANKS,

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, February 11, 1900.

Kindly extend to the family of Colonel Thompson my profoundest sympathy. A noble and sweet character has gone.

CHAS. W. FAIRBANKS.

RICHARD W THOMPSON

CONGRESSMAN C. B. LANDIS.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
February 26.

How lonesome you must be without "Uncle Dick." What a sweet and a gentle man he was. He was buried on Lincoln's birthday. I was in New Haven that day and heard Congressman Sperry pay Indiana's most gifted orator a beautiful tribute. He had heard Colonel Thompson with Tom Corwin in '44.

Sincerely your friend,
C B. LANDIS.

CONGRESSMAN GEORGE W. FARIS.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON,
February 12.

I regret recent absence from Washington which prevented attendance at funeral of your distinguished father. My family join me in sympathy.
GEORGE W. FARIS.

GOV. WINFIELD T DURBIN,

ANDERSON, INDIANA.

Permit me to express to you, and through you to the members of Colonel Thompson's family,

my personal sympathy in their bereavement and loss. As a citizen of Indiana I share the loss of one who has given the State prominence and by his life and labors assisted in giving it the place it now holds.

Colonel Thompson was a leader, and men and his party delighted to follow He was the pride of his party and you know how conventions were swayed by his words of eloquence and wisdom.

The State will miss him. Another of her great men has departed.

Kindly bear my regards to the family

Very truly yours,

WINFIELD T. DURBIN.

February 11th.

TRIBUTE OF CONSUL GOWDY.

"OFFICE OF THE CONSULATE GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

PARIS, February 27, 1900.

It gives me great sorrow to learn of the death of Colonel Thompson. He was indeed a great man. His heart was in the right place. From my first acquaintance with him I admired and loved him. He was born the same year as my father, and in many respects he acted as a father towards me. To say that I will miss him when I return to Indiana and visit Terre Haute but feebly expresses my feeling at this time.

He has gone to his reward; has pitched his tent

in the far beyond. Please convey to Miss Thompson and your dear wife my heartfelt sympathy in their sad loss.

With kind regards to you and yours and to all my Terre Haute friends, I am,

Yours very truly,

JOHN K. GOWDY.

JUDGE A. B. CRANE.

SCARSDALE, N. Y., Feb. 9.

My sympathy for sisters, brothers, all in their sorrow. Your noble father is dead but lives.

A. B. CRANE.

JACOB BAUR.

CHICAGO, February 9th.

Permit me in your time of sorrow to express for you and your brothers and sisters my sincere sympathy. People mourn the loss of a Nation's nobleman in the death of your father.

JACOB BAUR.

F. J. SCHOLZ.

I beg to tender to you and the other members of Mr. Thompson's family my profound sympathy. The State has lost one of her most prominent citizens.

F. J. SCHOLZ.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

ROBERT A. BROWN.

OFFICE OF CLERK OF SUPREME COURT,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

I convey to you and your family my sincerest sympathy. A memory of an honored and illustrious father is your heritage. I have for years been an ardent admirer of Uncle Dick Thompson and shall cherish the memory of his friendship.

Please convey my respects and sympathy to the family. R. A. BROWN.

INDIANA REFORMATORY FOR BOYS.

PLAINFIELD, IND., February 9.

The end of our dearly beloved statesman has come. I feel that the Colonel is the last of the entire race. In this commercial age it was refreshing to see one left as the type of the statesman of the earlier days of the republic.

T. J. CHARLTON.

GEORGE I. REED.

INDIANAPOLIS, February 9.

Our sincere sympathy in your profound sorrow Colonel Thompson was most lovable. Goodness and greatness were united in his life.

GEORGE I. REED.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

A. E. NOWLIN.

U. S. Collector Internal Revenues.
Lawrenceburg, Ind.

This morning's paper tells me that the "Grand Old Man," "Uncle Dick" has passed to the Great Beyond, not unwept, unhonored and unsung, as some do, but full of years, covered with honor, enshrined in the love and memory of his countrymen for his many noble traits of character and his devotion to the interests of his country.

HANLY AND WOOD.

Lafayette, Ind., February 10.

We claim the privilege of sharing your grief. Accept our sympathy. A great man has gone. The State and Nation will miss him.

J. Frank Hanly,
Will R. Wood.

MARTINA SWAFFORD.

You and the family of my dear old friend, Colonel Thompson, have my sorrowful sympathy Your loss is everyone's loss. This expression comes late, but I could not write before on account of illness.

Yours truly,
Martina Swafford.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

CHICAGO, February 9.

Accept sympathy from one who honors that distinguished statesman.

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

GREEN CLAY GOODLOE.

WASHINGTON, D C., February 12.

Our fullest sympathy goes to you and family in loss of your distinguished father and patriot.

GREEN CLAY GOODLOE.

THE DAILY CLARION

PRINCETON, IND., February 9, 1900.

No one who has passed away in this generation will be more sincerely mourned by the people of Indiana. He was a "Grand Old Man" in every sense of the word, and it is a gratification to me now, that he has gone, that it was my privilege to meet him at his home a short time before his life work was done. You will kindly express to Mrs. Henry and the other members of the family my sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

Very truly yours,

G. R. STORMONT.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

1704 Grace Street,

OMAHA, NEB., Feb. 11, 1900.

I feel very sad to hear that your father has received his final call.

His life was so full of interesting events, energetic work, and honors that he will be sadly missed in Terre Haute and Indiana, and throughout the nation.

He so fully and completely rounded out a great and grand life's work that his children may well be proud of their heritage, and he will receive in the great beyond the reward coming to him—"Well done, good and faithful servant."

Accept my sympathy.

Very sincerely yours,

RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

OFFICE OF

AUDITOR OF STATE OF INDIANA.

W. H. HART, AUDITOR.

INDIANAPOLIS, February 9, 1900.

I have just read with a great deal of regret the bulletin announcing the death of Hon. R. W. Thompson He was one of a fast fading generation of gentlemen of the olden type, a thoroughly equipped man in mind, character and personality.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

His death will be regretted in as many American homes as probably that of no other citizen. In private or public life, he has always done his duty and this is as honorable an epitaph as could mark the resting-place of any man.

Convey my sincere sympathies to his family and to yourself. Very sincerely yours,

W. H. HART.

W. R. GARDINER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 12

You, and All those who Mourn by the Death Bed Have my sincerest sympathy Mine is a part of the universal sorrow and I stand in the shadow of the All Pervading Gloom.

W. R. GARDINER

CAPT. W. H. ARMSTRONG.

INDIANAPOLIS, February 9, 1900.

I was greatly pained to hear of Colonel Thompson's death. Am sure that the whole Country will be in mourning over the sad event

Kindly express my sincere sympathy to all the family. Yours sincerely,

WM. H. ARMSTRONG.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

J. R. CUMMINGS.

CHICAGO, February 10.

We all honor the grand old man who has gone to join his comrades of 1809. The death of one whose life was so full of honor and love is like the setting sun, not sad but solemnly beautiful.

J. R. CUMMINGS AND FAMILY.

C. C. COLNE.

(Mr. Colne was the Confidential Clerk of Colonel Thompson in the office when he was President of the American Committee of the Panama Canal Company.)

NEW YORK, February 17, 1900.

It was with much pain that I saw in the newspapers the death of my good old friend, Colonel Thompson.

It is true that he lived to a good old age, but no matter how long a man may live his death is always a sad blow to his friends and relatives. My connection with Colonel Thompson has been so pleasant that I personally regret his death very much, and I offer my sincere sympathy to all the members of his family who, of course, must feel his loss keenly.

About a year ago I received a letter from him in which he complained of his health, but neverthe-

less it was written in his usual cheerful style, typical of his disposition in life.

Will you please convey to the members of the family of Colonel Thompson my heartfelt sympathy in their hour of bereavement.

Very truly yours,

C. C. COLNE.

JUDGE I. N. PIERCE AND C. F. McNUTT.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., February 9, 1900.

Accept for yourself and family our profound sympathies.

I. N. PIERCE AND C. F. McNUTT.

ALICE FISHER HARCOURT.

DETROIT, February 11.

My deepest sympathy with your family. I mourn with you.

ALICE FISHER HARCOURT.

MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS

Thompson Club,
Fort Harrison Club,
Rose Orphan Board of Managers,
Rose Polytechnic Board of Managers,
Rose Polytechnic Faculty,
Rose Polytechnic Alumni Association,
Post G, Travelers' Protective Association,
Blinn Camp, Sons of Veterans,
Common Council, City of Terre Haute,
Washington Avenue Presbyterian Sunday School,
Columbia Club, Indianapolis,
State Officers Association, Indianapolis,
Lincoln League, State of Indiana,
Republican State Convention, and
Chairman of that Convention.

Memorial Resolutions

THOMPSON CLUB.

At a meeting of the Thompson Club, the following resolutions were read by Hon. J T. Walker, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, and was unanimously adopted:

Be it Resolved—That we, the members of the Thompson Club, in mass meeting assembled, do most deeply and sadly mourn the loss of our distinguished leader, the late Honorable Richard W. Thompson, the grand old man and gallant statesman for whom our Club has the pride and honor of being named; and be it further

Resolved—That his early and earnest devotion to the immortal principles of his party, and his high ideal of political life, have endeared him to his Nation, and rightly enrolled his name among the pioneers of the Republican party, furnishing an example strikingly worthy of emulation, and an inspiration of patriotism destined long to do noble service to his party and his country; and be it further

Resolved—That while the citizens of the city of Terre Haute most keenly deplore the loss of their distinguished fellow-townsman, the congeniality of his companionship, the wisdom of his counsel and the wholesome influence of his life in social circles, and educational and industrial enterprises, the State and Nation also bow their heads with us in grief, and say

most surely we have lost a good and faithful citizen—loyal to his country—just to his fellow-man—true to every trust and devoted to God, and be it further

Resolved—That we renew our plighted faith in the doctrines and principles of protection and the purity and freedom of the ballot (the bulwark of American liberty) by him so often enunciated and so ably defended by his wise and fiery words of eloquence, which are long to be cherished in the hearts of his countrymen as monitors within. And be it further

Resolved—That we extend our sincere sympathy to the members of his family in this, their sad affliction. And be it further

Resolved—That these resolutions be spread upon the records of our Club, and that copies thereof be furnished to the several newspapers of our city.

J. T. WALKER,
S. A. HUGHES,
WILBUR REIF,
Committee

FORT HARRISON CLUB.

At a special meeting of the Fort Harrison Club, the following tributes to the memory of the late Colonel Richard W. Thompson were adopted and ordered spread on the records of the club, and a copy thereof sent to the family of our departed member:

"When men meet in a simpler way, without the restraint of business, political, or formal social condi-

tions, the little things of our nature, that indicate the real character of the man, becomes apparent, no matter what our differences, age or other distinctions, we are for the time boys again.

"Colonel Richard W Thompson was to the Nation that mourns him to-day the statesman whose years and deeds link us to the past, the orator whose ringing rhetoric has charmed the hearing of members of five or six generations of men, and the author whose latest books are records of important public events that could have been made from the personal knowledge and recollections of no other man.

"He was more than all this to us, to the members of Fort Harrison Club, who have met him in this simpler way—a boy in our Boyville of recreation and pleasures, although from twenty to sixty years the senior of our membership, he was the genial and congenial companion of all.

"For well toward the span of a lifetime he has almost daily spent an hour or two in the afternoon in relaxed pleasures in our midst. It was there and then he became young again and made us the companions of his revived youth. Who of us have not been benefitted, complimented and delighted with this companionship? This companionship that will be cherished in our memories with pride and pleasure while memory holds its seat.

"Others will recount your words and deeds as a nation's product and pride. Others will say of you more tender words than we can here express. But none, save those who have known you as we have known you, will miss and mourn you as we do.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

"Patriarch and Patriot! Grand old man and friend! In mind and heart we stand aligned and uncovered as we bid you

"Hail! and farewell!

"FORT HARRISON CLUB."

By R. G. Jenckes, President, and George A. Scott, Secretary.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., Feb. 12, 1900.

THE ROSE ORPHAN HOME MEMORIAL.

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA,
February 13, 1900.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Rose Orphan Home held this date, the following was unanimously adopted:

Whereas—Richard Wigginton Thompson, who has been a member of, and the President of this Board, since its original organization, in October, 1874, died at his residence, No. 1214 South Sixth Street, this city, on Friday, February 9, 1900, mourned, honored and loved by the entire community for his probity, and nobleness of character during his whole life among us.

His experience, wisdom and counsel were ever relied upon in conducting the affairs of this organization, hence it is that in his death the loss is so keenly and deeply felt by us all. Therefore be it

Resolved—That in the death of our friend and colleague we have been deprived of the counsel and association of one who has enjoyed our respect, affection and confidence in the highest degree.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

To whose virtues, integrity and private worth we bear willing testimony; whose kind heart was in the work of this Association; who discharged all the duties of life with fidelity, and who won universal confidence and respect in the performance of every trust.

Resolved—That we tender to the family of our departed associate our deepest condolence and sympathy in their deep affliction and bereavement, and that the secretary furnish them with a copy of this Memorial, and that it be spread upon the minutes of this Board.

Attest: GEORGE E. FARRINGTON,
Secretary.

THE ROSE POLYTECHNIC.

BOARD OF MANAGERS.

In the death of Richard W. Thompson the Rose Polytechnic Institute suffered an irreparable loss. A member of the Board of Managers for many years, and of late years its President, he brought to the discharge of his duties large experience, mature judgment, and enthusiastic devotion to the interests of the Institute He never missed a meeting when his health permitted and was often present when attendance meant great discomfort and some risk. Whatever special duties were assigned to him in connection with his position he performed with thoroughness and ability, as he did everything he undertook. At successive commencements, for a number of years, he presented the diplomas to the members of the graduating

classes, and memorable features of those exercises were the addresses he delivered. He saw with the eyes of faith and love, in the graduates whom he addressed, the promise of progress even more remarkable than that which was embraced with the large circle of his own life's experience. And so he talked to the young men about to enter on their life work as one who relied on them to harvest in the years to come, the unripened hopes of his own life, for he was a lover of his kind and of his country and was entirely unselfish in his devotion to them. How much of a loss his death is to the Institute, those realize most who were most familiar with his interest in and concern for its welfare. As a mark of respect to his memory, his associates on the Board of Managers will attend his funeral in a body. By their direction, in connection with the faculty, the exercises for the day at the Institute will be suspended that all, by attendance at the funeral, may testify to their appreciation of the loss they have sustained in the death of a great and good man—patriot, orator, scholar, statesman—who was their friend.

W. C. Ball,
Vice President.
R. G. Jencks,
Secretary.

THE FACULTY OF ROSE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

Colonel Thompson has been President of the Board of Managers for many years and has always shown

the kindliest interest in everything connected with the school.

He has been present at the meetings of the Board until recently, when failing health and strength have prevented; he has been present at almost all of the graduations for many years and has in almost every case made the graduation address to the class, and every way has shown a strong personal interest in the Institution and in everything connected with it. For these reasons, and for many others which it would be impossible to even mention here, we, the faculty of the Rose Polytechnic Institute, wish to express our grateful appreciation of everything which Colonel Thompson has done to further the interests of the school; we wish to emphasize his friendliness, to recall his speeches to the graduate classes as they succeeded one another in long succession, and to remember again the kindly smile and the kindly greeting of the genial old gentleman as he recognized anyone who belonged in any way to the institute.

For these and similar reasons, we wish to express publicly our grief and our sympathy with the family, and as a faculty to spread these sentiments as a resolution on our records.

It is also ordered that in respect to his memory the exercises of the Institute be suspended on Monday, February 12th.

ROSE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE FACULTY.

C. L. MEES,
President.

J. A. WICKERSHAM,
Com.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

THE ROSE POLYTECHNIC ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

It is with a deep sense of personal loss that we learn of the death of Colonel Richard W. Thompson. His long connection with the Institute has made him a familiar figure to all of us, and we feel that a large share of the Institute's prosperity is due to his unfailing devotion to its interests.

His counsel and advice at the Commencement Exercises will be long remembered as incentives to high aims in life and his venerable personality will be sadly missed from these occasions in the future.

We, as graduates, coming under the influence of his strong character, feel that we are better men for having known him.

We therefore desire to make this public expression of our sorrow and of our sympathy for the members of his family, and to that end direct that a copy of these resolutions be sent to them and to the city papers, and spread upon the minutes of this association.

R. L. McCormick, '91,
John B. Peddle, '88,
John B. Aikman, '87,
Committee on Resolutions

POST G., T. P. A.

Terre Haute, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Whereas—Our beloved and revered citizen, Colonel R. W Thompson, has been removed from among

us by the inexorable hand of death, and whose remains now await the last solemn rites before being committed to the grave,

Resolved—That in common with all citizens of the Nation and more particularly with the citizens of this community who have witnessed, revered and honored his home life, we are made to suffer bereavement, and that we condole with those who mourn, and

Resolved—That in the fullness of his long and useful life and manhood, we find, as all men should, an inspiration for good citizenship and an incentive for all that goes to make the sum of a pure and noble life with its beautiful, patient and impressive ending.

Resolved—That we tender a copy of these resolutions to the immediate relatives of Colonel R. W. Thompson, as the sincere expression of, and in behalf of, the resident members of the Travelers Protective Association of America.

F. M. Flesher,
President.

W. D. Chambers,
Secretary.

SONS OF VETERANS, BLINN CAMP.

Terre Haute, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

While the whole community is bowed in sorrow over the death of our late distinguished citizen, Colonel Richard W. Thompson, Blinn Camp Sons of Veterans desires to express its sorrow and sympathy for

the members of his family over the loss they have sustained.

Colonel Thompson's stately form seemed to be a link between two centuries. He was one of the last of the great statesmen of half a century ago, and was a contemporary and friend of the great Lincoln. He was a true friend of his country and of his fellowmen. His eloquent voice was always heard on every occasion where patriotism, right or justice were assailed. Although he was honored with some of the greatest offices in this State and Nation, yet he was always the same kind, courteous and considerate gentleman. While he took an active part in politics, yet among those who opposed him politically were found some of his staunchest and best loved friends. He was firm and sincere in his opinions, yet he dealt with his adversaries with charity and kindness. His kindly face always bore a pleasant smile for everyone. He was loving and attentive to his family, and kind and gracious to his friends and neighbors. In his own true words, "He has not an enemy in all the world, and he was the friend of every one."

It is hereby ordered that the proper officers are directed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased, and that a copy be spread upon the records of this Camp. GEO. W. KRIETENSTEIN,
FRANK J. TURK,
JEROME W. PERRY,
Committee.

JAMES E. THOMAS,
Captain.

Attest: GEO. W. SCHATZ,
First Sergeant.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

TERRE HAUTE COMMON COUNCIL.

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA,
February 10, 1900.

TO THE MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL:

Gentlemen:—The undersigned committee appointed to prepare resolutions suitable to the memory of the late Colonel Richard W. Thompson, beg leave to report the following:

It is not often that members of this body have an opportunity of paying tribute to the memory of a man who has spent the most active portion of his four score years and ten among us, nor have any of our fellow citizens bequeathed a richer legacy of achievements to inspire the pen which seeks to preserve and revere his memory.

At this time, thousands of voices are singing his praises, and the press of the land as a unit has devoted many columns to the life work of our distinguished and beloved Colonel Richard W Thompson and it would now seem impossible to further extol his virtues.

He has been justly praised as statesman, orator, author, public officer and private citizen,—"He was a stately, polished, courteous, easy-going gentleman, genial, lovable and high-minded that might stand as a type of the olden time, as he might in his appearance with his well marked features, his eyes flashing, yet soft and kindly, and his crown of silver hair," and so we might continue multiplying encomiums until exhausted rhetoric fails in vain effort to pay sufficient tribute to his many good qualities.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

Among our remaining duties are to cherish his memory, enshrine his manly character within our hearts and follow his remains to their resting place, therefore be it

Resolved—That as a mark of respect to our distinguished fellow-citizen, the common council attend the funeral of Colonel Richard W. Thompson in a body, and that the flag on the City Hall be placed at half mast until the funeral services are over

Respectfully submitted.

HERBERT BRIGGS,
V. N. GRIFFITH,
J. J. ROACH,
PHILIP K. REINBOLD,
L. GOODMAN.

Adopted, ordered spread of record and a copy sent to the family by a unanimous rising vote of the Council, February 10, 1900.

WILLIAM K. HAMILTON,
City Clerk

THE WASHINGTON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Since it has pleased the all-wise God to call unto himself the Honorable Richard W Thompson, who was the most striking and one of the grandest characters of this community, city, State, and Nation, we, the members of the Washington Avenue Presbyterian Sunday School, take this means of expressing to the

family of Colonel Thompson our sorrow and sense of personal loss.

We recognized in him a friend and a man to whom we could point and say to children and to adults, "There is a man whom it would be well to emulate in matters of honor, truthfulness, sobriety, high-mindedness, gentleness and industry."

We feel that we have lost not only a neighbor whom we loved and respected, but also a man of large experience whose heart was with the children, and we feel ourselves within the shadow which overhangs man, woman and child who ever knew the "Grand Old Man." With them we mourn and say, "It is good for us to have known him, and the world is better for his having lived in it."

(Signed) THE WASHINGTON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Adopted, February 11, 1900.

COLUMBIA CLUB.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Whereas—Colonel Richard W. Thompson, whose life was so long a part of the life of this State and Nation, has passed away, we desire in some formal manner to express our appreciation of the man. He died full of years and full of honors. His life almost spanned the life of the Republic. For three score years and more he stood in the white light of public scrutiny without a stain on the purity of his life, with-

out a blot on the nobility of his character. His disinterestedness, stainless integrity, consecrated eloquence and lofty patriotism made him an ideal leader. In thinking of him, we realize that age has its compensations as well as its drawbacks and that to look back upon a life well spent, free from selfishness and envy and malice, means more than to look forward to a hot struggle for honors which men seek so earnestly, but which count for so little in the final reckoning when the eternal balance is struck.

The value of such a life as Colonel Thompson lived among men cannot be over-estimated. He never spoke an unkind word or did an ungracious act and was foremost in all good works. In the family, the church, and the State, he always maintained the highest ideals.

> Was never eyes did see that face,
> Was never ear did hear that tongue,
> Was never mind did mind his grace
> That ever thought the travail long,
> But eyes and ears and every thought
> Were with his sweet perfections caught.

Resolved—That a copy of this resolution be spread upon the records of the Club and forwarded to the daily papers and sent to the family of Colonel Thomp-

JOHN L. GRIFFITHS,
HORACE E. SMITH,
SAMUEL B. SWEET,
Committee

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

STATE OFFICERS.

INDIANAPOLIS.

Whereas—It has pleased Almighty God in His wisdom to summon Colonel Richard W. Thompson from this world to His kingdom; therefore, be it

"Resolved—That in the death of this illustrious and venerable citizen we realize that the State and Nation have lost a resolute defender and humanity has lost a steadfast friend.

"Colonel Thompson was a type peculiar to himself He was an ardent partisan without enemies, a politician without selfish purposes, a born leader who sought and procured a following by no other means than argument, eloquence and gentleness. From early youth to ripe old age his life was characterized by conscientious regard for the equality of mankind, and his public and private acts were inspired by sincerity of purpose to serve the best interests of his fellow-men, regardless of his own. Born in 1809, Colonel Thompson lived in Indiana almost his entire adult life, endearing himself to thousands of loyal friends, and in various capacities performing valuable service in behalf of the public weal. He never shrank nor hesitated when duty called. He had convictions and he had courage, but his nature was too great to permit bitterness to enter into it. He was a conspicuous survivor of a noble coterie of men who were famous as great statesmen at a time when the Republic was yet in its infancy. He was a true American and an unselfish patriot. His public deeds are a part of the history of the State and Nation, and, therefore,

need not be recounted here. His home life was hospitable, lovable and ideal. He lived longer than the period allotted to man by the psalmist, and, when the final summons came, he accepted it with serene, Christian resignation. His faith in the future was sublime and he met the inevitable decree

"'Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
about him
And lies down to pleasant dreams.'

"Resolved—As a further mark of respect to the distinguished citizen and statesman, Colonel Thompson, that the State officers attend his funeral in a body."

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

1900.

With reverence we refer to the absence from this Convention of that grand old man, Colonel Richard W Thompson, whom we all loved and whose memory is firmly enshrined in our hearts. Stilled is that voice which for more than half a century gave utterance to Republican wisdom and eloquence, at rest is that silvered head, which was as inspiring as were the white plumes of Henry of Navarre.

THE LINCOLN LEAGUE OF INDIANA

1900.

"Resolved—That in the death of that patriot, warrior and statesman, Richard W Thompson, whose years of splendid service to his country have endeared

him to the people of every State, the Nation sustains an immeasurable loss; and that we, the younger Republicans of the State, in faithful performance of our duty, to our party, and country, can have no higher purpose than to propagate the principles and institutions that he loved and to emulate his noble character and devoted patriotism."

EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH OF HON. J. FRANK HANLY, CHAIRMAN OF REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

1900.

"In this marvelous transformation, the Republican party can justly claim the larger share. Think a minute while I recall the names of some of those whose lives run like entwined threads of silk through the pages of the State's first century of history: William Henry Harrison, Henry S. Lane, and Oliver P. Morton, the most intrepid, stalwart spirit of a most heroic age; Schuyler Colfax, Alvin P Hovey and Benjamin Harrison. Stop, my countrymen, and think. Tears should mingle with these cheers. There is another, whom a Republican State Convention cannot forget—one whose name and fame is linked with that of Indiana, as is linked the name and fame of Washington and Lincoln with that of the Union. We buried him but a few weeks since on the banks of that broad river he loved and beside which he lived and died. His loss to us was great, and we are not yet comforted.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

Our hearts are still heavy with grief. For the first time since the birth of the Republican party we are to go into a political contest without his inspiring eloquence and wise counsel. We miss him, ah, sirs, we miss him. And yet, to us, he is not dead. His influence lives and will live forever. His spirit pervades the hall in which we sit. From these walls there come to us echoes of his wit, reason, invective, and eloquence, until for the moment we forget our loss, and seem to sit again under the spell of his matchless oratory, applauding his periods, and laughing and weeping with him as of yore. No, my countrymen, Richard W. Thompson

"' is not dead,
He's just away.'

"Here, in this assemblage, on the floor there, yonder, in the gallery; on this stage, from which he so often spoke to us, let us renew our faith in the doctrines he proclaimed, and here make high resolve to perpetuate in power the party he loved and served. It is a consolation to know that his fame is secure His name is engraved in the forefront of the centuries, and is not to be forgotten. He now belongs to the immortals. Peace be to his ashes."

PRESS ANNOUNCEMENTS

FUNERAL
EDITORIAL

Newspaper Announcements of the Death

TERRE HAUTE PAPERS—FUNERAL.

Gazette, February 9th.

"Colonel Richard W Thompson quietly passed away at 1 10 o'clock this morning at his home on South Sixth street, surrounded by his loving children, who had cared for him so tenderly during the attacks that have come upon him during recent years.

"His death occurred in the middle bedroom upstairs in the south side, just across from the library where he spent so much of his time. There were present at his death his children: Harry G. Thompson, Miss Mary Thompson and Mrs. Virginia Henry. Judge D W Henry, his grandchildred—Miss Harriett Henry and Richard P Henry, and also Louis Henry and Alfred Henry, Mrs. Dr Wirt a niece of Colonel Thompson's, Mr and Mrs. Howard Bryant of Rockville, old friends of the deceased, and Davy Harris, the faithful nurse.

"The funeral services will be held from the family residence. Colonel Thompson was a member of the old Asbury Church for many years and the successor of that church is the First Methodist Church.

Colonel Thompson was a member of Terre Haute Lodge No. 19 F & A. M. and had been for many years. This Order will have charge of the funeral. The funeral will be held at 2 00 o'clock Monday afternoon from the family residence. The body will lie in state at the First M. E. Church."

Gazette, February 12th.

"The viewing of the remains of Colonel R. W Thompson by the school chil-

dren at the First M. E. Church this morning made a scene never before witnessed in Terre Haute. All the schools were dismissed for the entire day. There are 6,500 school children in the Terre Haute district schools and the High School and every child that was able to get out was in the procession that entered the church. This number is exclusive of the different parochial schools, the State Normal and the Rose Polytechnic, so that it is very likely that at least 8,000 pupils of the various schools passed by the casket containing the remains of the distinguished dead. Each district was by itself and each room was accompanied by its teacher. There was no confusion and it was a steady procession of children. A guard from Co. E and the Thompson Club were on either side of the coffin and occasionally when a very little tot came, he or she was lifted up so as to be able to look at the face. Miss Edna Steinecker, organist of the church, softly played the organ all the while."

The Tribune, February 12th.

"As the hour for the funeral approached this afternoon the immense crowd, composed of citizens of all classes and walks of life, gathered about the homestead to pay their last sad honors to the dead. The different organizations of the city were present and as they and others of the vast throng passed through the house, expressions of sympathy and of regret could be heard on all sides. The gathering was the largest ever seen in this city on an occasion of this kind and the large concourse of friends and relatives which followed the mortal remains to their last resting place exceeded that of any other cortege ever seen in this city.

"The gathering in the residence, where the services were held, was immense and but few of the many who desired to be present could be accommodated for lack of room, while the route of the cortege to Highland Lawn was one continuous throng, all of whom felt that they were doing all within their power to pay honor to the departed. Not only was our own city

represented, but in the crowd could be seen citizens from all parts of the state, for in the death of R. W. Thompson this city has not been allowed to share her grief alone, but other cities and the entire state have claimed a right to join with us.

"The funeral was conducted according to the often expressed wish of the deceased and was entirely in keeping with his modest and unpretentious life."

The Express, February 13th.

"The mortal remains of Colonel Richard W. Thompson were laid away in their last resting place yesterday, in the beautiful cemetery which overlooks the city, with every tribute of love and respect an admiring people could pay.

"A nation seemed to join in the last sad rites. The press of the country had paid the most appreciative tributes to the departed. The State, represented by its dignitaries, bent over the bier and Terre Haute, as never before, rose to say farewell. Surrounded by the most beautiful floral offerings the dead lay in state at the First Methodist Church and later was borne from the family home to the grave, while ten thousand or more thronged the church, streets and homestead. Decrepit age and vigorous life and blooming youth and helpless infancy poured forth,—the halting veteran, men in the pride of strength and health, in the full promise of youth, in the mere dawn of life—to see the dead or to watch the passing by of the last of an old, old man, older than any of them whose eyes were dim and senses failing. It was appropriate that he had been laid in a church, where the subdued, solemn tones of the organ accompanied the steady tramp of the continuous procession which filed through, touched by the spirit of the place, awed by a glimpse of the calm face which seemed chiseled from marble, with a new dignity and a great calmness and peace.

"It was all most appropriate—the noble assemblage of the profession which had honored him, and been honored by him, the famous men of the state, and, above all, of the people, marked by the finest courtesy from different sects,

classes and parties, just as the saintly dead would have wished.

"The funeral services were very simple. The Rev Dr Tillotson of the First M. E. Church read the Methodist Episcopal Church service for the burial of the dead. Mr and Mrs. Dan Davis, Mrs. John R. Hager and Gabe Davis sang Cardinal Newman's great hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," and "Some Sweet Day."

"The active pall-bearers were Arthur Baur, Adolph Gage, J W Cruft, W R. Mail, J. Smith Talley and Alex Crawford.

"The honorary pall-bearers were United States Judge John H. Baker Governor James A. Mount, D. W Minshall, Captain A. C Ford, Judge Thos. B. Long, and B. H. Bindley.

"The funeral procession included the municipal and all civic and organized bodies of the city, State officers of Indiana, distinguished visitors and citizens in general.

"The remains were followed to Highland Lawn Cemetery. The body was placed in the cemetery vault connected with the chapel."

PRESS EDITORIALS.

Terre Haute Gazette

A good old man has fallen asleep. Here in the town where he has lived for a longer period than is allotted to most men, the scene of his toils and triumphs, surrounded by friends, and without an enemy in the world, he has fallen under the burden of the years and gone to his reward.

Terre Haute is the poorer, how much poorer each recurring year will show, for his taking off. It is as if there were one dead in every home, so intimately has he been identified with the town and its development from village to city.

* * *

What the town will do without him is difficult to tell. From a very early day he has been its spokesman on all occasions of general joy or sorrow, whenever citizens have gathered together to give expression to the common purpose animating all. On all such occasions his clarion voice has been heard and we have rested content in full realization of the fact that the best that could be said had been said by him. How large a part he has borne in the affairs of town and state and nation, history will tell. He was the trusted friend and adviser of President Lincoln in this section during the dark days of the Civil War. Morton leaned on him. For years he wrote the platforms of his party in Indiana and he participated in the prepara-

tion of the national platforms of his party, the conventions of which he always attended for years and in which he was always a conspicuous figure. In every campaign his voice was heard.

But here at home in the last decade the people of Terre Haute of all parties by common consent have forgotten that he belonged to any party and have only regarded him as a kind old man, passing in honored retirement the evening of his days, among his books. Surrounded by family and friends, enjoying especially the society of the young, he has lived for the most part in his memories of the past. And he has been much wrapped up in the lives of his grandchildren, illustrating the truth of the poet's lines:

> "Toys to the graybeard are his children's children,
> They are to age as hopes to youth."

His recurring birthday anniversaries of recent years have been matters of general interest. All classes and conditions of people have united to do him honor and to rejoice in the sparing of his life. And for many years to come those who have been present on any of these occasions will carry with them pleasant recollections of what was said by others about him and especially of what he said.

During the closing years of his long and eventful and useful life he has had in full measure all those things that should accompany old age,—honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,—and his grave, near the busy city where he lived so long,

will be visited with reverence by generations yet unborn

Terre Haute Express.

Colonel Richard W. Thompson is dead. Terre Haute's most distinguished citizen and most interesting character has been removed. A singularly pure and beautiful life is ended on this earth. Few are the people of this city who will not feel a sense of personal loss and from all over the land will regret be heard. Terre Haute has been proud and fond of this exalted and lovable citizen. He has been through the wreck and storm of life, enjoyed honors and adulation and passed by a score of years the allotted time of life to retain to the last a purity of character, a gentleness and modesty of spirit, the love and confidence and honor and respect of his home city and home state. He was entitled to the appellation of a great man; he was a Christian gentleman, for as his old friend Carlton said, "He was a gentleman without fear and without reproach, he was by nature gentle in his manner" Though he had stood up among strong men and filled large places, again we can say:

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "This was a man."

To each who knew him will come the thought, "I shall not look upon his like again." From a pedestal has fallen the figure Terre Haute was

proud of,—picturesque, gallant, invested with the charm of a fascinating history, a son of the South, a citizen of the new West, born near Monticello, familiar with the fathers of the republic, a kin to Washington, near friend to Lincoln, had seen the authors of the Declaration of Independence and the proclamation of emancipation, the one man who had seen all the presidents but the first and second and the orator of high renown whose clarion notes had rung for the first Harrison, Clay and Taylor, for Lincoln, Morton, Hayes, the second Harrison and McKinley, a sustained power enduring nearly sixty years and without parallel in our history. In his beautiful old age he had been the central, admired figure of great national and state conventions. Measured by what many men desire, his life was a success. Appointed or elected to many offices, often unsought, with troops of friends and admirers, with the content of Agar, who desired neither poverty nor riches, with the good name rather to be chosen than great riches, with a serene vision to which the world was always beautiful, with a conscience void of reproach, his name written in the annals of his country, with all this he had attained a measure of success granted to few men we know. We part with him as our greatest citizen, but we will mourn him as the one beloved.

Terre Haute Tribune.

In the death of Colonel Richard W. Thompson

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

Terre Haute has lost the living presence of its most distinguished citizen. There is not the shock of sudden or unlooked-for death but rather the feeling that the "grand old man" has gone to his well earned rest. None wished for life to have been prolonged past the time when it would have been a burden to himself and those around him and more poignantly recall by contrast the years of his vigorous presence in all things in which Terre Haute was interested.

Grown men and women admired the venerable man because when children they were told of what their grandfathers said of the "silver tongued orator's" power sixty years ago. There has been an inherited reverence for Colonel Thompson through not less than two generations. With no one was there anything except kindly respect. He made no personal enemies, even of his opponents in politics, and when it is realized that he has been a partisan of partisans, this means a good deal.

Indianapolis Journal.

The death of Richard W Thompson, more than that of any man of to-day, separates a part of the first half of the century from the present. He has seen all but two or three of the presidents of the United States, has seen most of them inaugurated and was personally acquainted with those of them who have been in office the past fifty years. He was in congress more than half a century ago, when

John Quincy Adams fell and died in the House. Colonel Thompson was a lifelong politician and statesman. He had a natural aptitude for political affairs. He became a Whig when the party was formed and remained with what was left of it until after the election of 1860, hoping that the patriotic and conservative remnant could save the country and the Union to which they were ardently devoted. But when the war came Colonel Thompson lost no time in throwing his political personality on the side of the Union cause. In Indiana there were few more useful men to the Union cause than Colonel Thompson. From that time to the close of the last presidential campaign he was an active and influential leader in the Republican party For years no other man was thought of as presiding officer for Republican state conventions. His speeches on those occasions contain a history of the party and a clear presentation of the issues. He was Secretary of the Navy during the transformation period from the old to the new, and when careful rather than brilliant administration was demanded. To the political history of the country he has made valuable contributions.

Colonel Thompson has been personally known to more people in Indiana than any other man who can be named. He was on the active list in politics long after the men of his generation had passed away. To the day of his death he held the affection of the party in Indiana as few men ever have. His death will be sincerely mourned by people all over the State, and particularly by Republicans, by

whom for more than a generation he has been affectionately called "Uncle Dick" Thompson. He was a man of high patriotism who held the well being of the party above personal ambition.

Indianapolis News.

In the death of Colonel Thompson, a unique and most picturesque character passes. His general temperament, his easy-going disposition, the kindly and chivalrous instincts that dominated him, always made him a personal friend of all who knew him. From first to last he preserved an influence of personality rare in these days; he was in this, as in many things, typical of Southern character. A man of pure and blameless life, of high intellectual quality, the ease and gentleness of life seemed rather attractive to him than the strenuous endeavor more characteristic of the modern spirit. In character, as in appearance, indeed, he was an admirable realization of the phrase, "a gentleman of the old school." Gifted with a speaking voice, the beauty of which has rarely been excelled, endowed with natural eloquence and with many of the graces and much of the power of a popular speaker, he became an orator, sympathetic, entertaining, convincing, and one who, without a trace of egotism, yet left the impress of his winning personality with his speech always in a way that bound men to him wherever he was heard.

With only an occasional public office, a member

of Congress, for a time Secretary of the Navy, he yet was in touch with public affairs through a long stretch of his country's history. Considering his attainments, his position, the universal welcome that awaited him, he did not exercise the influence that he might have exercised, had he to his attractive and loveable qualities added the strenuousness of purpose, the fire of ambition that have animated men with fewer gifts and smaller abilities. He seems, indeed, to have had a character almost wholly formed under the early conditions of this country. The new life that has come in since the Civil War, the industrial development, the eager push and persistence of modern endeavor seemed to touch him little. He was the stately, polished, courteous, easy-going gentleman, genial, lovable, high-minded, that might stand as a type of the olden time, as he might in his appearance with his well-marked features, his eyes flashing, yet soft and kindly, and his crown of silver hair

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Indianapolis Press.

It is given to but few men to reach their four score and ten of years. When one that does happen to be one that has helped to make history, he is apt to find his declining days full of a love of younger generations, coming to illuminate the honors of greatness and the dignity of age. The asperities incident to strenuous activity in the field of political strife are softened by time or lost in obliv-

ion, and the public delights to dwell upon what was best in a life nearing its end.

Such has been the happy fate of Colonel Richard W. Thompson, whose death in Terre Haute at the advanced age of ninety years is recorded to-day. While he was not among the founders of the Republican party in Indiana, he was a conspicuous Whig leader, and the Whigs have come to be regarded as the predecessors of the Republicans. When his own party died with the opening of the Civil War, he joined forces with the new organization, and has long outlived not only his predecessors but all his contemporaries in its leadership.

Wonderfully attractive in his personality, an orator of recognized ability and a party manager of keen intelligence, he arose to large national prominence among the politicians of the ante-bellum school. And while he shared some of their weaknesses, he certainly possessed most of their virtues. His most conspicuous service to his country was as Secretary of the Navy. There he simplified greatly the system of administration, cut out an enormous amount of "dead wood" and astounded the country by turning back to the Treasury several millions of dollars as the unexpended balance of the naval appropriations. He further saved the Government great sums by declining to undertake extensive naval construction, at a time when the modern warship was in the experimental stage and foreign governments were spending lavishly on ships that afterward proved valueless or nearly so. The example of strict economy he gave

was even more valuable to the country than the sums he saved.

Since his retirement from active politics he has not been idle, and he has contributed not a little to the written history of his time. He was a leader among men in the time of his activity, and was one of the few that were not forgotten as time advanced

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Chicago Record.

The death of Richard W. Thompson of Indiana, at the age of 91 brings to a peaceful close a life which in many respects is typical of a certain school of American public men. Colonel Thompson's long career covered the period which saw the Middle West develop from a wilderness and assume civilization. He was from the backwoods, as Lincoln was, and throughout his life he held to the simplicity, the rugged honesty and directness of purpose which marked the backwoods' statesman. He had known personally all the presidents save Washington, and he had taken an active interest in the political affairs of his country from his earliest manhood. The public places he held he filled with credit and distinction, and it is a sign of his absolute disinterestedness that he declined more posts than he accepted. During the later years of his life he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had not only the respect but the affectionate regard of all his countrymen.

Up to the time of his last sickness he took a

deep interest in public affairs, sitting in the national conventions of his party and aiding with tongue and pen in the forming of public opinion. As a frequent and valued contributor to its columns in past years, The Record bears testimony to his high motives, his love of truth and his earnest desire to assist that cause which he deemed to be the right one.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

It is the large, fresh-hearted people, the busy-minded people, the people whose souls go out of and beyond themselves and take "all knowledge for their business," that endure. In its way, the personal memoirs of Charles Talleyrand, Prince Benevento and counselor of republics, monarchies and empires of France, is one of the most remarkable of books. One peculiarity of the work is that there is a foot note with a brief biographical notice of each person mentioned and all that are mentioned were celebrities and powers in their day. Even a careless reader will be impressed by the longevity of by far the greater part of the generals, authors, diplomats, statesmen and financiers of the first water who were of sufficient importance to come into or pass across the orbit of the supreme diplomat of this age, if not of all ages. Talleyrand himself died May 17, 1838, at the age of 84. Bismarck at 83, and Von Moltke at 91. A recent writer in the Forum has fixed 68 years and 8 months as the average of the life of the best

thinkers and most active human factors of the present century.

There now lies, apparently at the point of death, in Indiana, a man who was active in politics before many a one whose hair is now gray was born. Richard Wigginton Thompson was acting president of the Senate of Indiana in 1838, which is a year before the discovery and publication of Swarthout's famous robbery of the national treasury. He was in Congress seven years before the outbreak of the Mexican War. He refused the offer of Ambassador to Austria when it was tendered to him by President Taylor. He was one of the presidential electors who voted for William Henry Harrison. He declined office under President Fillmore, and again under President Lincoln. He was 68 years of age when he assumed the arduous duties of Secretary of the Navy under President Hayes.

That time had not weakened his bodily vigor was demonstrated by the energy that he displayed in the discharge of the multitudinous and tiresome details of his office. That it had not impaired his mental vision is proved by his recommendation of that naval policy which now is admitted to be absolutely necessary to the maintenance of our commercial supremacy. To use his own language, he saw clearly "that it is our duty to build the best ships in the world. There can be no limits to our efforts in that direction. The large governments of the world are covering the seas with their fighting material, and if we are to have a merchant

marine we must have a navy to protect it. We must legislate for our merchant marine, whether by subsidies or discriminating duties. Our flag should be on the commercial highways of every sea, and our fighting boats should be about to protect them." He was far in advance of many a statesman of his time.

Four years ago, then being 86 years of age, Mr. Thompson presided over the Republican convention of Indiana, and a few weeks later acted as delegate to the National Convention. What a lesson his life teaches to our young men. Patriotism conduces to longevity; the active mind stimulates and preserves a healthy body, or strengthens a feeble one in its constant struggle against the encroachments of disease. Of wisdom Solomon said: "In her right hand are riches and length of days."

Chicago Journal.

With the passing of "Uncle Dick" Thompson, Indiana lost its grand old man, and the country lost a representative of the highest type of manhood its public life has produced. It is a sufficient justification of this nation's existence that it has made men like him.

To serve the public faithfully where one can, to be a genial comrade and kindly neighbor, to be wise in council, strong in friendship, and gentle in home, to enjoy the warm affection of the people of

one's state, and the respect of the Nation's besides, and to die at the age of four score and ten honorable years, probably means that one has been about the best that one can be and enjoyed about the best life had to give. So lived and died "Uncle Dick" Thompson. There is no reason to mourn him. His end was not so much death as completion, and the closing of a life like that calls not for a tear, but a smile.

Chicago Evening Post.

Richard W. Thompson, or, as he was universally known, "Uncle Dick" Thompson, who died early this morning at his home in Terre Haute, Indiana, was one of the most interesting personalities this country has produced. He had known every President of the United States except Washington, and was intimately acquainted with many of them and exerted a great influence in many ways. Probably no other man continuously figured in politics for so many years. He developed a deep interest in the subject at the age of 20, and, as he himself put it, decided to retire when he entered his ninetieth year. Naturally, he was not actively engaged in politics during the last years of his life, having finished his official career in 1881 as Secretary of the Navy under President Hayes, but so long as his health and strength would permit he gave his services and his counsel to his party and his country

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Richard W. Thompson, of Indiana, whose death has just taken place, was distinguished among his countrymen of to-day in many particulars. He was the last eminent survivor of the "year of great babies"—1809—the year which produced Lincoln, Hamlin, Gladstone, Robert C. Winthrop, Darwin, Oliver Wendall Holmes, Tennyson and others who won fame in many fields. Indiana sent him to its legislature in 1834, and his public life may be said to have begun at that time. It elected him to the National House of Representatives in 1840. No other American who has been alive in recent years was in either branch of Congress as far back as that, but ex-Governor Alexander Ramsey, of Minnesota, who is still alive, entered Congress two years later. Thompson, therefore, was in Congress fourteen years before the notably long political career of John Sherman, which was ended by resignation a little over a year ago, and of Justin S. Morrill, which was closed by death early in 1899, began.

To the popular mind Lincoln appears to be a personage of a generation or two ago, as more than a third of a century has passed since his death. If alive to-day, however, Lincoln would be only four months older than Thompson was at his death. Gladstone's life, even in a country which has seen many memorably long political careers, held a high place in the scale of longevity, yet if Gladstone were alive to this day he would be more than half a year younger than the Indian-

ian whose death has just taken place. Thompson was a presidential elector in 1840, or sixty years ago, and cast his vote for William Henry Harrison. The United States at that time had only 17,000,000 inhabitants, and its Western boundary was the Sabine, the Red and Arkansas rivers and the Rocky mountains. Texas, California, Oregon, Washington and several other states and two territories have been added to the national domain since that time, exclusive of Alaska and the more recent acquisitions, and the population of the country has more than quadrupled.

Comparatively few public offices were held by the deceased Indianian, and the actual duration of his public service was not long. His only important national posts were Representative in Congress and Secretary of the Navy, the last of which offices he held in the cabinet of President Hayes. No other man of his day, however, declined so many important posts, administrative and diplomatic, tendered by presidents as he did. Among the presidents who offered him offices which he did not accept were Taylor, Lincoln and Grant. As a Whig at the outset in his active life and as a Republican ever since the Republican party was founded, he wrote more platforms of his own state and assisted in writing more national platforms than any other American who ever lived. He personally saw every president of the United States except Washington and the first Adams, and was on terms of intimacy with many of them. In every presidential canvass from that of 1832,

when he took the stump for Clay, he made speeches, even in that of 1896, in which year he was a delegate to the St. Louis Convention. A great deal of history has been made in the United States since Richard W. Thompson first entered national station sixty years ago, and he assisted in making a considerable part of it.

Chicago Tribune.

He nominated Morton for the presidency in 1876, and in 1882, at Minneapolis, when he was 63 years old, he performed the same office for Benjamin Harrison. Mr. Thompson has another claim to lasting distinction, in that he declined offers of more important offices than almost any other man ever prominent in public life. President Taylor offered him the mission to Austria; President Fillmore wanted to make him Recorder of the General Land Office; President Lincoln pressed him to accept a seat on the bench of the Court of Claims. But for one reason or another, Mr. Thompson accepted none of them. The passing of "Dick" Thompson marks the close of an epoch in the political history of the country. He was the last survivor of the old school of public men who grew up in the back woods and went from the log cabin to the halls of legislature. He was the last link in the chain which bound the fathers of the republic to the fourth generation of their sons.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

Kansas City Star.

It is a wonderful commentary on the growth of the United States, whose population is rapidly nearing 80,000,000, that Richard W. Thompson, who died at Terre Haute, Indiana, on Friday, has seen all the presidents of the American Republic with the exception of two,—Washington and Adams. Thus the history of the greatest nation on the globe has been comprised almost within the lifetime of one man.

Western Christian Advocate, Cincinnati.

This distinguished American died in Terre Haute, Indiana, shortly after midnight, February 9th. Had he lived until June 9th, prox., he would have been ninety-one. He was a remarkable bond uniting the past and the present. Think of it—he had seen all the presidents excepting Washington and John Adams. He was a civic wonder, as appears from this summary of his career by a correspondent of the Indianapolis Journal, written two years ago, in which he is described as "a man who saw Thomas Jefferson, was dandled on the knees of James Madison, whose boyish head was patted by Monroe, who saw John Quincy Adams when he was in the White House, and was serving with him in Congress when he dropped dead in the House of Representatives. This man was given political advice when he started out in life by Andrew Jackson. He knew Martin Van

Buren. He was one of the Presidential Electors who put William Henry Harrison in the Executive Mansion, and he refused the mission to Austria when it was offered to him by President Taylor. He had close associations with Fillmore. He was a friend of Franklin Pierce, and he knew well James Buchanan. He served in Congress with Abraham Lincoln, and during the latter's presidency he was his trusted friend. He knew Johnson, was a friend of Grant's, and during the Presidency of Hayes he was the Secretary of the Navy. With the exception of George Washington and John Adams, he has associated with every President of the United States, so that to-day he forms, as it were, a bridge between the past and the present."

Such a career stamps him an extraordinary man, and justifies the love and admiration bestowed upon him by his fellow Indianians. He began his public life in 1834; was the last survivor of the Congress of 1841; and sat side by side with Lincoln in the Congress of 1849. Four presidents tendered him important official positions; and he resigned as Secretary of the Navy to accept from Ferdinand de Lesseps the presidency for America of the Panama Canal Commission.

In politics he was a Whig until that party merged into the Republican, and became the party for the preservation of the Union when he identified himself with its fortunes. His ability as an orator, and his fidelity to his party convictions made him a trusted and honored leader. Even

his political antagonists admired his strength and manhood.

In religion he was a Methodist Episcopalian, and lived and died in the communion of our Church. * * * He was past sixty-eight when President Hayes made him Secretary of the Navy, and pronounced him just entering his prime. Himself attributed his long life and mental virility to his temperate habits.

REV. DAVID H. MOORE, D. D., *Editor.*

Lafayette Journal.

The death of Richard W. Thompson calls to mind the fact that he was born in "The great year." In 1809 Lincoln saw the light, as did Oliver Wendell Holmes, on this side of the water, and Gladstone, Prof. Blackie, and Tennyson in Great Britain. These are but a few of the many whose lives began within that twelve-month,—many of whom reached fame. And he outlived all these mentioned. Few indeed are those still living who entered life with Colonel Thompson.

It was a great year in history. The "Enforcing Act" was passed by the American Congress in 1809, providing heavy penalties for evasions on the Embargo Act. By its provisions it became unlawful to export any goods from the United States, and New England particularly suffered very grievously. Also in this year the detested Embargo Act was removed as to all countries ex-

cepting Great Britain and France. Up until the Civil War there never was a subject which so divided the country.

In that year the new territory of Illinois was admitted; and in the Eastern States a great stride toward the modern public school system was made.

In Europe Napoleon began his second war against Austria, and won the great battle of Wagram. In that same year he divorced Josephine. He was at the zenith of his career,—at the turning, which ended at Waterloo and St. Helena.

Rockville Tribune.

After the campaign of 1856 Colonel Thompson never appeared as a candidate. He was appointed Provost Marshal for this Congressional District. His selection by President Hayes as Secretary of the Navy was his last and greatest public office. His administration of this important office was eminently satisfactory to the public.

It was as an orator that Richard W Thompson excelled most of his contemporaries. All the older readers of the Tribune will remember his eloquent discourses on the stump or upon public occasions. The writer recalls a Fourth of July oration made by Colonel Thompson in Rockville in 1875. It was a fine production in a literary sense, but above all was the voice and presence of the orator. The impressions made by that speech

upon the boy who heard it were such as are never forgotten.

The death of Colonel Thompson brings sadness to all. His life went back to the infancy of the Republic. He had visited Jefferson at Monticello. He had seen and talked with every president of the United States since 1800. He was the last of an age of public men who may well be called heroic.

Sullivan Times.

For fifty years Colonel Thompson was a conspicuous character in all the conventions of the Whig and Republican parties. Though he was a partisan and his great success was political, his honesty and high character always gained for him the respect of men belonging to all parties.

Anderson Bulletin.

The venerable Colonel "Dick" Thompson is dead. He was one of the old-time public men. A Republican in politics he held many honorable positions and retired to private life with an unspotted record.

Sullivan Union.

"Uncle Dick" as we all called him, because we

loved him and revered him, was one of the best men that ever lived. He was generous to a fault and a kind neighbor and friend. His death is a source of much regret to us all, though he had been blessed with long years, and had reached the age when the hand of death could not longer be stayed.

Richmond Item.

In the death of Richard Thompson, Indiana loses her "grand old man," and the Republican party of the state and nation one of its truest and purest of able leaders.

Greensburg Review.

The death of the venerable Colonel R. W. Thompson removes an historic figure from the activities of life. For years Colonel Thompson had been a prominent citizen, a political leader, a giant among men, and Indiana was always proud of him.

Rockville Republican.

In the death of Colonel R. W. Thompson, Indiana loses one of her best known and noblest men. Few of the country were wider known and to none has been given the privilege of such long

life while standing so prominently in the broad light of public life. No man in the country has met and intimately known so many presidents and prominent men as he. During his active days he was associated with the great leaders of thought and influence, and stranger than all he had their confidence and respect to a degree not shared by oth[illegible]

Bloomfield News.

Indiana has lost one of her noblest sons; the Republican party one of its most devoted, unselfish and faithful workers, and the people a friend, long-tried and ever-faithful.

Sullivan Democrat.

For fifty years Colonel Thompson was a conspicuous character in all the conventions of the Whig and Republican parties.

Muncie Herald.

The death of Richard W. Thompson removes a distinguished character from the state. Ripe in years and experience he more than filled the allotted span of life vouchsafed to man.

RICHARD W THOMPSON

Ft. Wayne News.

Probably no American has so many acquaintances among distinguished statesmen as had this grand old man, whose personal recollections of public men run back to the days of Webster and Clay.

South Bend Tribune.

Colonel Thompson was the first official of the Government to recommend an increase in the navy. * * * The old Secretary lived to see his recommendations carried out and his fondest hopes realized.

Crawfordsville Journal.

By the death of Colonel Richard W. Thompson, Indiana loses one of her oldest and best citizens, the Republican party one of its most devoted and unselfish workers, and the people a friend long-tried and ever-faithful.

South Bend Times

Although he participated in many fierce political contests and held many positions of trust and responsibility, not a word of suspicion was ever

breathed against him. Scarcely any higher encomium could be paid to a public man than this.

New Albany Ledger.

His life was a pure and clean one,—his example as a citizen and a Christian, worthy of the emulation of all.

Marion News.

Mentally he was a power. His integrity was real; his purpose was high and his ambition was pure and thoughtful. Indiana should honor his memory.

Connersville News.

He lived under every administration in the history of our country, save two; he filled many positions of responsibility, and he was a man of high attainments.

Evansville Journal.

The death of Colonel Richard W. Thompson removes from the world of action one of the purest men who ever entered public life and rose to eminence in the nation.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

Newcastle Press.

To write a fitting obituary of Colonel Thompson would be to write a history of Indiana, with which state, its growth and its prosperity, he has been closely identified ever since 1831.

Lafayette Courier.

His life was crowded with memories of things known to others only through history.

Evansville Courier.

It is a sufficient justification of this nation's existence that it has made men like him.

Columbus Republican.

He was a man of strong convictions, of unquestioned integrity and unsullied character.

Marion Chronicle

Full of years and honors he passes to his reward, beloved not only by the State but by the Nation.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

Goshen Times.

He was the last link in the chain that bound the fathers of the republic to the fourth generation of their sons.

South Bend News.

The measure of his life was full to overflowing and there was little if anything left to be desired by him.

Rushville Republican.

He had a warm place in all Hoosier hearts.

Albany Tribune.

He was an influential leader, always conservative.

Lafayette Times.

Colonel Thompson was a political land-mark in Indiana.

Greenfield Tribune.

The death removes one of Indiana's most conspicuous citizens.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

Muncie Times.

His death is the completion of a well-rounded and well-balanced life.

Knightstown Journal.

His old age was crowned with rewards earned in a well-spent life.

Lafayette Leader.

His voice was ringing, his sentences well-rounded, and his manner convincing.

Attica Ledger.

He exerted an influence for the right and has been an honor to his country and his state.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BAR

Proceedings of the Bar Meeting

VIGO COUNTY BAR MEETING.

February 12, 1900.

HON. JAMES E. PIETY.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—At a meeting of the local bar on last Friday, Judge Jordan, of the State Supreme Court, was selected as chairman of this meeting, and Mr. A. M. Higgins was selected as secretary of the meeting. It gives me pleasure to introduce to you Judge Jordan.

JUDGE JAMES H. JORDAN.

GENTLEMEN. I sincerely thank you for the honor conferred in selecting me to preside over this meeting of the Bar. As you are aware, we have assembled on this sad occasion to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of our deceased brother,—a man who was distinguished as a lawyer, statesman, and an orator for over a period of fifty years. Colonel Thompson at the time of his death was probably the oldest lawyer in this State. In fact, it may be said that he came down to those here assembled from a former generation. The time which God allotted to his illustrious life almost covered a period of three generations. He had already become noted and distinguished for his eminent services before many of us who are now fast approaching the sunset of life, were born. It is useless to assert that which must be a well recognized fact,

that Colonel Thompson in a word was a great man, and one whose greatness and goodness grew as he advanced in life. Not only was he an associate of such eminent men as Lincoln and Morton, but he was their peer in intellect and statesmanship. It may certainly be affirmed that the people of this State, irrespective of party, among whom Colonel Thompson has moved and lived and by whom he has been so favorably known for many years, were and are proud of his distinguished services and illustrious character. All will now sincerely mourn and regret the death of this man who, in his life was true to his country, true to himself, and true to the age in which he lived. May his services in public life, and his patriotism in war be an inspiration to us all, and may he in the future be held, as he undoubtedly will be, in sacred remembrance by our people in general.

With these few remarks, gentlemen, this meeting is now open for your consideration.

The first on the program will be the report of The Committee on Resolutions.

Judge S. B. Davis.

The committee tendered as the sentiment of the Bar of Terre Haute and of Indiana the following memorial to our departed brother and friend:

In Memoriam.

Colonel Richard W. Thompson early last Friday morning peacefully passed from this mortal life and from the scenes of long years of useful activity, to join the invisible company of many illustrious contemporaries who preceded him, and

RICHARD W THOMPSON

We, the Bar of Vigo County, come together with sorrowing hearts to pay our tribute of love to him whose eloquent speech, now hushed, has for three scores of years swayed multitudes of people, and whose silvery voice and burning words has stirred our souls and have been an inspiration, teaching us the deeper meaning of life.

It is unnecessary to relate here the achievements of his unique and unusual life or to dwell upon the traits of character which have endeared him to his countrymen, for his life is an open book, part of the record of our country, known and read by all men.

While we sorrow because he is no longer with us, we feel a deep pride that he was a member of this Bar, that he was our townsman, our neighbor, our friend. However, his name and fame belong not to us alone, but are the common heritage of the American people.

By reason of his great public services; whether on the bench as Circuit Judge, or United States Provost Marshal during the stirring times of the Civil War, or as Representative in the Halls of Congress, or in the President's Cabinet, he was ever equal to the occasion, and graced every position by his learning and culture, thus he has, in every calling of life, left his impress and contributed a goodly part to the destinies and glories of our Country.

By his facile pen and his public utterances, he has made rich contributions to the literature of the people whereby he has touched the hearts and lives of all classes, so that we have a nation of mourners to join us in our tribute of esteem. By his temperate and con-

sistent life, he added thereto perhaps a score of years and survived all his contemporaries in Congress and in the administration of President Hayes, in which he bore so honorable a part. He was the oldest member of the Indiana Bar, and has for years been the acknowledged leader of the Republican party of Indiana and has not failed for half a century to contribute his share toward formulating and shaping the policy of his party in the great councils of the Nation.

But his opponents loved him for his magnanimity and breadth, his fairness and unfailing courtesy. The aged loved him for his wisdom, the strong and active loved him for what he has wrought, the pious loved him for his Christian virtue, and the children loved him for the sweetness and gentleness of his nature, so it is hard to conceive of a man in this generation who will be more universally or more truly mourned than he whom we this day bear to his last resting place. "Know ye not that this day a Prince and a great man has fallen?"

Resolved—That in their great grief we extend to the sorrowing family our heartfelt sympathy,

Resolved—Further, that this memorial be spread at length on the Order Books of the Supreme Court of the State and of the Circuit and Superior Courts of this County as a perpetual testimony of our esteem, and that copies hereof be furnished to the family and to the public press.

A. B. Carlton,
Thomas B. Long,
S. B. Davis,
Wm. Eggleston,
J. Jump,
G. W. Faris,
Committee

Judge Davis. Mr. Chairman, I move the adoption of the report.

Honorable S. C. Stimson: Mr Chairman, I second the motion, the adoption of the report.

Judge Jordan It is moved and seconded that the memorial prepared by your committee be adopted. Before we take a vote on this, we have a number of distinguished gentlemen here from whom this meeting will no doubt be pleased to hear on this occasion and the resolutions may be considered pending until afterwards when we will take a vote on the same.

I will first call upon the Honorable T. B. Long

Judge Davis: Mr Chairman, before Judge Long begins his address, Judge Carlton, who was intimately acquainted with Colonel Thompson, probably longer than any one present, was to have spoken of these resolutions, but on account of his lack of physical strength, he asked me to excuse him at this point.

Hon. Thomas B. Long.

Mr. Chairman and Brethren of the Bar: There are events innumerable in human life, whether affecting individual man or persons combined in trades or professions, in associations or fraternities, in States or Nations, which stand out in striking contrast with the steadily moving current of affairs, and become glowing or sombre pictures in a limited or broadened view, as their effects may be personal, local or national. If the subject be of success and victory, the canvass is filled with brilliant and glowing colors, if it be of defeat and death, the lights are subdued and the shadows are deepened. If it be of a long career, filled with

brilliant achievements of the intellect, crowned with the accomplished promptings of the noble and generous heart, and replete with the quiet victories of humanity and philanthropy— for "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war"—even though the picture springs to view with the death of its principal actor, yet is it then a work combining all the features of the two already described, full of color and brilliancy and light which even the incident of death will not subdue, but rather chasten and harmonize into a perfect and complete scene. It is such a picture that stands before our mental vision this morning; it is such a scene that will be suspended on the walls of the gallery of our memories to be visited often in the nearer future, and to be recalled, from time to time, until the latest period in the life of the youngest attendant on this occasion.

The Terre Haute Bar is one of the oldest organizations of its kind in Indiana, almost co-existent with the formation of the State itself As a consequence of this fact, we have, by our several predecessors of an earlier day and in our present existing componency been often called together to express our deep appreciation of the merits and abilities of those of our number who have been summoned to the great hereafter, and to lay our fronds of ivy and our wreathes of immortelles upon breasts no longer throbbing to our touch, and to look our last upon eyes forever closed upon the waning light of this world, and upon the stilled life never more to open with the voice of friendship, nor thrill us with strains of accustomed and familiar eloquence.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

With a similar purpose, and in profound sorrow, we now assemble to express the sense of our irreparable loss in the death of the oldest and, to the last, most cherished member of our Association, as well as one of the oldest, ablest, and most honored of our State citizenship, Honorable Richard W. Thompson, who peacefully breathed his life away on the early morning of Friday last Although he had far exceeded the scriptural limit of human life, and had even passed a decade beyond the point the Psalmist declares to be that of "but labor and sorrow" yet to him it was not so; but his rounded years were, until almost the last day, filled with peace, contentment and joy

Having read law under his tuition and direction, spent several years in his office, had other associations and interests with him, followed by uninterrupted years of undisturbed and earnest friendship with this great and good man, I am asked, and naturally expected, to say something on the present occasion.

When I first knew Colonel Thompson, he had long passed through his early—his Congressional—campaigns, both successful, with Honorable John W. Davis, and Josephus Wright, afterwards Governor of Indiana, and still later United States Minister to Berlin. His first great oratorical triumph had been accomplished in this manner. Honorable Daniel Webster had an appointment to address a mass meeting of the Whigs in Monument Square in the City of Baltimore, and finding at the last moment that he could not fill it, he sent young Thompson, whose oratorical abilities had attracted his admiration, to speak in his place. The disappointment of the great audience he then

faced was so obvious as for a time to threaten his compelled withdrawal, but a few marked and striking expressions attracted favorable attention, after which he held and carried the vast multitude through several hours of one of the long speeches of that period, ending in a strain of eloquence so great that, at its conclusion, he was carried on the shoulders of his hearers to his hotel, and subsequently presented with a silver goblet, engraved with the date and scene of this signal triumph. He had also successfully carried out the well-known removal of the Menominee Indians, and was prosecuting in Congress his long and improperly contested claim for that important service, and was then pursuing a well-established practice in the Supreme Court of the United States. I know, in this connection, of his preparation of an important brief as a labor assigned to him by his associate counsel elsewhere, because I took the whole of it down from his dictation, while he was pacing back and forth over his office floor It was to be sent to them to be filed in the cause if they regarded it as covering the case, if not, to be returned to him, and it never came back.

The summer months during this period were largely spent at home, and the afternoon hours in his office at the corner of Main and Fourth Streets witnessed an almost daily intellectual symposium of congenial spirits, among whom were Father Lalumiere, Colonel Thomas Dowling, Lucius H Rice, Jacob H. Hager, and occasionally Colonel William K Edwards and Charles Cruft, afterwards an efficient General in the war of the Rebellion. Then, indeed, the eloquence of social discussion prevailed, the shafts of motherwit,

sharp but harmless, keen but untouched with the slightest stain of malice, were freely sped and always struck the mark, and at every sitting, there continually abounded "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." These meetings could not fail to remind one of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," in which Christopher North, and the Ettrick Shepherd, and Timothy Tickler, were some of the dramatic personals in the literature of Scotland three quarters of a century ago.

I have many, many reminiscences of Colonel Thompson—both of earlier and later dates—which, if I should speak of them as they suddenly come to mind, without chronological sequence or guide, would make me talk to you for hours, and it was the fear of transcending a tasteful limit that induced me to control myself with the pen, which is always more easily kept in check than is that somewhat impulsive member, the tongue. I remember the great speech made by him, upon his own appointment, on the subject of slavery, and on the very spot where we are now assembled. During a whole summer afternoon he kept the throng that crowded the court room more completely enthralled with his matchless eloquence, than Coleridge's Ancient Mariner ever held "the wedding guest" "with his glittering eye." The great events of future years had not dawned upon the minds of the wisest men and the greatest statesmen of that day. That speech was doubtless prompted largely by constitutional considerations and the political aspects of the times, and was silently ignored by the orator himself long before the ideas implied in the popular phrases, "property rights," "compacts," and "constitutional guarantees," as ap-

plied to traffic in human labor, and the bondage of human life, had passed through the fiery crucible of civil war into a gold a thousand times purer than any the ancient alchemists ever dreamed of I remember, and so do we all, the many great speeches he was assigned to make at the openings of grand political campaigns, —speeches which outlined the plans of approaching contests, and have ever since been denominated in the political dictionary as the "Key-notes" of action. And we all remember how frequently he has presided over political State Conventions, and then again how often he has written or dictated platforms, under whose outlines of principles the fierce campaigns of the past have been fought, sometimes to victory, sometimes to defeat.

We must not forget that this busy man, but great student, too diligent to remain idle a moment, turned his attention at times from oratory to literature, producing first a book, "The Papacy and the Civil Power," which awakened some controversy, and possibly some feeling on the part of one of the great Churches of the world, but the impartial critic will scarcely say that his subject was unfairly handled, or that he failed to sustain his positions by theological authorities of the highest standard. When it is remembered that the author was a conscientious member of the numerically next greatest church in the Christian world—and in actual greatness the peer of any—his right, and possible duty, to write this book will not be questioned. That antagonism to it led to his writing another book upon the same general subject, "The Footprints of the Jesuits," was something

that seemed necessarily to follow the controversies engendered by the first. My knowledge of the character of Colonel Thompson impels me to declare that I firmly believe that religious intolerance had no place in his broad mind, no lodgment in his great and noble soul. That this is true is probably sufficiently proved by his firm, unbroken, endearing friendship for Father Lalumiere,—already spoken of—a friendship that endured to the very last moments of the life of that excellent Priest, and which doubtless remained a fragrant memory in the mind of the survivor until his own last hour had come. I am also firmly convinced that it was the politics of Catholicism—as it had existed in Europe and not in America—that led to the author's research and to the publication of these books, for there is no doubt in my mind that Colonel Thompson has at all times been more thoroughly equipped in the science of European politics which are necessarily the politics of all the Eastern Hemisphere—than almost any person in the whole country

Further in the line of authorship, his efforts in the science of theology were followed in the domain of political economy by his hand book upon the "tariff," and this in turn, in the field of History and Biography combined, by his delightful work in two splendid volumes, entitled "Recollections of the Presidents," a book that he alone of all men then living could write, and by which he bequeathed to posterity a series of highly interesting and wonderfully pleasing memories which, but for these last treasures brought forth from the teeming chambers of his memory, would have been forever lost to the world.

But I find even now, Mr. Chairman, that I must omit almost numberless points upon which I would be glad to dwell, his strikingly great achievements here and elsewhere in the forums which have been the scenes of our own life labors; his great efforts—mostly defensive—in the Sill-Thompson, the Dr. Newland, the Fairbrother, the Tabscott, murder cases, and others that may not for the moment occur to me. These mere triumphs in the line of our professional life; we know of them and they may indeed be passed. But with more regret must I hasten over the many great public trusts so faithfully administered by our distinguished friend and brother,—especially and notably his administration of the great portfolio of Secretary of the Navy, in which he foresaw, with no power at hand to remedy, the weakness of that branch of our defensive service, without the correction of which, in more auspicious times, our country would not now be occupying the proud position among the powers of the world its recent achievements have so gloriously gained it.

Under different circumstances I would not think of closing even so brief a testimonial as this without rounding it into symmetry by some estimate of the powers, and some analysis of the character, of so great a subject as the one we are now considering, but in view of what has been already told, and what must yet be said by our distinguished visitors and brethren of the Bar at large, and the limited time within which all this must be accomplished, I am reminded of the excuse which Aeneas gave to his disguised mother for

not recounting the misfortunes through which he had so recently passed:

"If I were from the first to tell the tale,
And time more yours to hear the many deeds,
The evening star would close the gates of heaven
Upon the expiring day ere I were done."

Judge Jordan. I have the pleasure of announcing the next speaker on this occasion,

GOVERNOR JAMES A. MOUNT.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND MEMBERS OF THE BAR, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. It seems but a brief period since in this room we paid the last tribute of respect to another citizen of this city, and an honored citizen of this commonwealth, Senator Voorhees. We meet today to pay the last tribute of respect to a man who had passed the four score years and ten, a man who, during that long period, endeared himself to all with whom he was brought in contact. He was loved in the home, he was revered in this city, he was honored in this great State, and in the Nation, and as we face his eventful life, fraught with such eminence, I feel it dangerous for me to attempt to speak without confining myself briefly by some written remarks, for I am aware of the many speakers and the danger of entrenching upon your time, and hence I will read a few brief sentences in tribute to this great man.

In the brief time that has been allotted to me, no words that I can command will fittingly express Indiana's appreciation of the life and public services of her

dead patriarch. No man of our State has ever attained and held National prominence as long as Colonel Richard W Thompson. He was the last connecting link between the days of Webster, Clay and Calhoun, with whom he served in the National Congress. He achieved distinction and won honor as a statesman, orator, author, and jurist. His personal recollections of sixteen Presidents, his broad acquaintance and contact with men of National prominence, gave to him a breadth of opportunity which has not, perhaps, been enjoyed by another in our country's history He was a party leader, without political enemies. He won the confidence of men by the persuasive power of his logic and reason. From his political life those who aspire to be factors in public affairs may learn lessons of wisdom and be taught that justice and fairness in argument win, while misrepresentation and innuendo only repel.

"He was a tall man, sun-crowned;
Who lived above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking."

His character is indelibly stamped upon the pillars of the age. He was dignified and scholarly, yet affable and companionable.

"Statesman, yet friend to Truth;
In soul sincere, in action faithful,
In honor clear."

Colonel Thompson was a wise man, devoted to duty, and his daily life and conscience were sanctioned by the smile of an approving God.

During a conversation not long ago, he said to me:

"When my work is done I will be glad to go. To me it will be but falling asleep to wake up in heaven."

The "hoary head," was to him, "a crown of glory," for "his steps were found in the ways of righteousness." His glory-crowned brow was a benediction to all who were favored with his presence.

While winter adorned his temples, eternal Spring reigned in his loving heart. His was a noble spirit and a busy life. The mildew of selfishness never blighted the impulse of his generous nature.

Such men cannot die. They live in our memories; they inspire our lives. "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

He loved children, and, in turn, he was beloved by them. Students sought him, women honored him. Citizens of your community manifested a devoted reverence for him, and the people of our great State and Nation honored him.

> "He was not born to shame,
> Upon his brow shame was ashamed to sit,
> For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned,
> Sole monarch of the universe."

Colonel Thompson's useful career, his long life, has closed. He rests from his work well done. "For so the Lord giveth His beloved sleep."

> Rest, oh, Victor!
> Your conquests gave no sorrow,
> Your victory caused no tears.

Judge Jordan. I will be pleased to announce to you the next speaker will be Honorable John H. Baker, Judge of the United States District Court.—

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

Judge John H. Baker.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: Until a few moments ago I had no expectation of speaking a word of tribute to the memory of Colonel Thompson. No great and good man, such as Colonel Thompson was, wholly dies. His form has vanished from the sight of man, his silver tongue is silent, and we miss the touch of the vanished hand, but he still lives as an exemplar and inspiration not only to the bar and the men of this generation, but also to those who in the future may be called upon to administer justice and to direct the affairs of State. His memory will last long after the present generation has been gathered to its kindred dust as an inspiration to the hopes and ambitions of coming generations of the people of Indiana.

Colonel Thompson came to the bar early in life The American bar, it seems to me, affords the greatest opportunities for ambitious young men of any avocation in life. This bar, of which our departed friend was a distinguished ornament, affords to its membership an opportunity for a life of great achievement. From it we have taken our Judges who have made illustrious the jurisprudence of our country. The principles enunciated by its great lawyers and judges have been recognized and followed in the mother country. It has furnished orators and statesmen whose wisdom and genius framed the constitution under which we now live and have moulded and fashioned the institutions which have given shape to the destiny of the American republic.

The American bar has not been a numerous body,

but I think I arrogate for it nothing to which it is not entitled when I say that in developing the life and shaping the destiny of the republic more is due to it than to any other one class of our people. It has furnished a great majority of our presidents and cabinet officers, and has always exercised a dominating influence in shaping the legislation of the Nation. It furnishes incitements to ambition in the domain of letters as well as in the domain of statesmanship, but above all, I think, the highest function of the bar is obtained when the honest, learned and thoughtful lawyer is engaged in vindicating the cause of right and justice in our courts. Much of the conservatism and the promise of stability of our institutions is due to the thoughtful and conservative labors of the bar. It was to this bar that our departed friend came early in life. He speedily rose to distinction. If he had chosen to remain at the bar and had devoted the splendid qualities of mind and heart which he possessed, he would unquestionably have risen to the very front. But when he had attained distinction as a lawyer and orator, he, like many lawyers before and since, turned his attention to politics and literature. In his political career and in his literary pursuits he was eminently successful and achieved a name and left a memory of which the State may well be proud.

It was not my fortune to become acquainted with Colonel Thompson until late in his life. I first met him when he was Secretary of the Navy in the Cabinet of President Hayes. I shall never forget the first time I had the pleasure of hearing Colonel Thompson speak. The citizens of Norfolk, Virginia, had extended to

the Secretary of the Navy and to certain members of Congress an invitation to visit their city and to look over the old navy yard which had fallen into a condition of dilapidation. The citizens of Norfolk gave a great entertainment on that occasion, and after the dinner was over Colonel Thompson was called upon to speak. His speech was admirable and eloquent, winning its way to the hearts of his hearers, although he was speaking to those who were yet sore over the results of the Civil War.

Gentlemen of the Bar of Vigo County, if you fail to keep fresh in the memory of the bar of today and of the bar of the future the splendid example of this great man, you will fail to do that which you owe to yourselves and to those who are coming after you. I regret that I, like my distinguished friend, Governor Mount, have been compelled to speak to you in a rambling fashion. I regret it the more as I should have been glad to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of Colonel Thompson which was more worthy of that great and good man.

Judge Jordan: I have the pleasure of announcing the Honorable John L. Griffiths of Indianapolis.

Honorable John L. Griffiths.

Chairman, Members of the Bar: When a man dies full of years and of honors, the people mourn. Such a man was Richard W. Thompson. He was born in the memorable year 1809, the birth year also of Darwin, Gladstone, and Lincoln, proving again that the illustrious ones of earth come not singly but

in constellations. He was contemporary with our national life in the sense that, almost at the beginning, he gave direction and impetus and emphasis to our political institutions, and continued to do so for over sixty years. He discharged the duties of every public trust faithfully and adequately. His stainless integrity, serene faith, superb courage, and consecrated loyalty made him an ideal leader

It is my purpose to say something very briefly this morning of Colonel Thompson as a public speaker Resembling Lincoln, with whom he served in Congress and between whom and himself a beautiful friendship existed ever afterward, he came in closest touch, in tenderest sympathy with the plain people. This was one of the secrets of his power. He told me on one occasion that he thought the position of a public speaker was one of the greatest responsibility, for he was the custodian of a sacred trust and if he attempted in any way to mislead the people he grossly betrayed their confidence. Absolute candor was demanded of him. No public men of his day met the requirements of this exalted standard more fully than did Richard W. Thompson. It is difficult to define what constitutes true eloquence. Aptness of speech, wealth of imagery, nimbleness of wit, humor, irony, satire, invective, melody of tone, graceful gestures, all these qualities essential though they may be are not sufficient of themselves to move men to action. Two things must combine to make immortal speech—a great theme and one who is stirred to the profoundest depths of his being by the consciousness that he is pleading for what is just and right, for what is unchangeable and eternal.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

It has been my privilege to listen to many distinguished orators—Robert G. Ingersoll, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, and Charles Sumner, but no one ever attracted me in the way Colonel Thompson did. The silvery tones of his voice fell upon the ear as a holy benediction. His literary style always seemed to me quite flawless. The last time that I saw him was in his own library among the books he knew and loved so well. The struggle was almost over. He had fought a good fight and must soon meet his Pilot face to face. As I looked upon his noble countenance and listened to his inspiring words, I realized as I never had before that age brings its compensations as well as its handicaps, and that to be able to survey a well-spent life, free from selfishness, envy and malice, means much more than to look forward to a bitter struggle for those honors which men so eagerly seek, but which count for so little in the final reckoning.

Indiana is proud of what her distinguished sons have achieved in letters and science and art, but she prizes most highly the integrity and honesty of her public servants, Oliver P Morton, Daniel W Voorhees, Conrad Baker, Thomas A. Hendricks and Richard W Thompson. They all considered a public office a public trust. Colonel Thompson had a genius for friendship. He was singularly winsome in drawing men close to him. We can say of him as Lowell said of Emerson: "That he constantly kept burning the beacon light of an ideal life above our power region of turmoil." He will fill a larger, ever larger place in the thoughts and affections of men, because his judg-

ments of men were so sane and true, his insight so keen and deep and penetrating, his sympathies so tender and boundless and his common-sense so uncommon. His example will be an inspiration to many generations. As we tenderly think of him to-day may we consecrate ourselves anew and with fresh zeal to the service of God and country.

Judge Jordan: The next speaker whom I have the pleasure to announce, Honorable John T. Hays:

Honorable John T. Hays.

Mr. Chairman: In adding my tribute to the memory of Colonel Thompson, I cannot expect to say of him what has not already been said. Every organization, every class throughout the entire range of our institutions have adopted resolutions of respect to his memory—well done on each occasion.

I had the privilege of meeting Colonel Thompson in 1872, in a lawsuit in the town of Sullivan, where I have since lived. Engaged in that lawsuit were Colonel Baird, Judge Mack and Senator Joe McDonald. It was before I came to the bar, but the memory of that lawsuit never has, and never will pass from my mind, for there I beheld a lawsuit. In that lawsuit were engaged lawyers. It was an inspiration to one contemplating entering so noble a profession, but I must say, somewhat discouraging to see the long span before one could hope to reach that point where those persons engaged in that lawsuit had already reached. That was twenty-eight years ago. I then knew Colonel Thompson as a lawyer. Afterwards I knew him

through the various campaigns down until the last as a statesman.

He is renowned as a statesman. We behold here to-day represented at his funeral the highest dignitaries of our State, who came to lay their tribute of respect at his feet. Were any one asked to name the particular characteristic in Colonel Thompson that would call for this, no one would name it. As has been so well said "That eye in which could be seen the fire and courage was also the glow of gentleness; that smile that played upon his face was but the reflection of that heart that drew all men, whoever came in contact with him, confidently toward him.

Of late it has been my privilege to know Colonel Thompson in his home. No part of my experience will produce sweeter memories in the remainder of my life than that for the last ten years I have sat at his table upon every anniversary of his birthday. Now many people of Terre Haute, and all over the State, beheld the crowded Naylor's Opera House on the night of his eighty-fifth anniversary. Now I remember the remark that General Harrison made on that occasion, when he said, "I have frequently seen assemblies for the purpose of pronouncing eulogies on the dead, but never before have I seen the unique condition here presented of pronouncing eulogies on the living" That night at his home, after such respect had been paid, as in all my experience I have not known paid to the living, he, in his simple, kind gentle manner simply stated, "I have but done my duty."

Aye! he has done it well. How glad the people of Terre Haute must be in that for so many years, on

each return of his anniversary, they had gone to his house, to his home, carrying their beaming countenances to meet that genial smile from his.

The school children who are now going down in groups paying respects to his dead form, came when he was living. How they rejoice in that.

Matchless man! Noble example! Truly indeed do we believe that with him life was worth living; that beyond he is able to take by the hand his friends, —Dick, Ben, Dan and Joe (as he always called them) Webster and Clay. What a meeting, what a consummation, and its glory is not dimmed by the addition of Colonel Richard W. Thompson.

Judge Jordan: I am pleased to announce to you the next speaker, Honorable John V. Hadley of the Supreme Court.

Honorable John V. Hadley of the Supreme Court.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen I feel quite unable to add anything of interest to what has already been said, moreover, I am not able to speak of the deceased as a lawyer. His active career at the bar had been closed before I was fortunate enough to enjoy his acquaintance. Indeed, our personal relations were never intimate, but my acquaintance with him was of a character to afford opportunity for a general knowledge of his sterling qualities as a citizen.

I served with him in the National Convention of 1888. I there had occasion to confer with him every day, and sometimes many times a day, and I became greatly impressed with his fidelity to our candidate,

with the wisdom of his counsel and with the absolute fairness of his tactics. His knowledge of men, and political situations in the several States of the Union was remarkable, and the sagacity he displayed in turning situations in favor of our candidate, in my judgment, contributed more to his nomination than the efforts of any other person upon the Indiana delegation.

It may truthfully be said that Colonel Thompson was a remarkable man. His long life, lived through a century, was exploited in public and private; he occupied the most honorable and trusted stations; exposed to the shafts of envious rivals and political opponents for more than sixty years and remained absolutely unscarred by a single dishonorable act, or questionable transaction. It may be said to be the universal verdict that in all the many exalted stations to which the confidence of the people from time to time called him, he proved himself the honest and capable public servant. Such a life is a grand life, and such a man is a "grand old man."

The last time I saw Colonel Thompson was in this city about a year ago while I was attending the State Encampment. I was sitting with him upon the platform of the State Normal when two ladies approached him. Tottering and trembling under his load of years, he arose, and when remonstrated with for rising, he remarked, "I never in my life suffered myself to remain seated when shaking hands with a lady." To the end gallant, dignified, courteous, obliging, replete with the embellishments of human character, he was a man to be honored and missed.

Judge Jordan: I now have the honor to announce Judge Comstock of the Appleate Court.

Hon. Judge Comstock of the Appellate Court.

Mr. Chairman. I am grateful for the privilege of joining in this expression of regard for a distinguished citizen. I only regret that upon the instant I have nothing to say worthy of the occasion. It seems to me that among all these people, friends and neighbors of Colonel Thompson, who have for so many years been familiar with his daily walk and conversation it would be idle to attempt to enumerate his many virtues, or to emphasize his noble life. It is proper, it is due, however, from the living that when so illustrious a character passes away, note should be taken of his departure.

For more than half a century it was his privilege to look at the illustrious procession of the distinguished men of the great Republic, and if he was not always at its head, he at least occupied a conspicuous and honorable position in its ranks. It is not within human limitations for men to accomplish all that they may desire, and it may be that Colonel Thompson did not attain his ultimate ambition, but his career was wonderful, extending, as has been stated, through the greater part of the life of the Republic. His contact with eminent men, the manner in which he trod every walk of life which he was called upon to tread; certainly the purity of his life, the old age which caused him to be cherished by those with whom he came per-

sonally in contact, the long period of years in which his personal friendships were maintained, mark him as almost single in the history of this country

It is wonderful that long beyond the period when man ceases to take an active part in life, his mind was still alert, and that he made new friendships while retaining the old. As has been said of another, "he remained the contemporary of his unwasted prime."

If a pure and honorable and upright and industrious life can be of any avail hereafter, it must follow that while his troop of friends would follow his remains to the tomb, they are assured that beyond its gloomy portals his happiness is assured.

Judge Jordan: I now have the pleasure of announcing Honorable D. E. Williamson of Greencastle.

Honorable D. E. Williamson.

Mr. Chairman I have known Colonel Thompson, been associated with him in lawsuits, met him in lawsuits, met him in politics, engaged in politics, I have an extended acquaintance in my experience with my dear friend.

I have thought it best, on an occasion of this sort, our thoughts ought to be as condensed as possible, so I will present a few thoughts:

"Colonel Thompson's life covers the larger part of the greatest century of the world's history, by his talent, his elegant manners and eloquent voice he won and maintained a position in the front ranks of society

"For fifty years he stood upon the firing line of public sentiment where it required the highest mental

equipment to conquer, occupy, and hold the position he held in public life and without effort he was equal to every emergency; honest and resourceful in his political life, incorruptible in office, faithful and impartial as a judge, he won the respect and affection of all with whom he came in contact and died full of years and earthly honors.

"He fell into the arms of death with the grace and ease with which he met the problems of life.

"Our dear friend has passed the limit of human knowledge and we stand appalled in the presence of death; at this point fact ceases and the greatest of all questions meets us full in the face

"If a man die, shall he live again?"

"The death devoted Greek asked this question of the beautiful maiden who stood at his side, and then said:

"'I have asked this question of the eternal hills, of the river that flows forever, of the stars above, all, all were dumb, but when I look into thy beautiful face something tells me that we shall meet beyond the river.'

"Our faith in divine promises confirms the hope of the Greek.

"It must be so—
Plato, thou reasoneth well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, this inward
Horror of falling into naught?
Why shrinks the soul back on herself

And startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis heaven itself that points out a hereafter
and intimates eternity to man.
Eternity:
Thou pleasing dreadful thought."

"My acquaintance with Colonel Thompson commenced in 1842 when he was returning from Washington to his home in Bedford, all public travel then being by stage lines a stoppage at Bowling Green was necessary for a change of horses. The news soon spread that we had a real live Congressman in the village, and I, with others, repaired to the Harvey Hotel where we were introduced to Colonel Thompson.

"His personal appearance made such an impression upon my mind that it is yet as fresh as though it were but yesterday. He was then about thirty-three years of age, of medium size, dressed in congressional style, black hair, dark complexioned and piercing dark eyes —truly a handsome man. Terre Haute has been unfortunate in the loss of many of her distinguished men, but recently, Nelson, Voorhees, and now the lamented Thompson.

"When will Terre Haute be blessed with such another trio?"

Judge Jordan I now have the pleasure of announcing Dr. W. H Wishard of Indianapolis·

Dr. W. H. Wishard.

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Bar: It does seem to me a little out of place to call on a doctor,

but I will say a few words, I cannot expect to entertain after the eloquent words that have been spoken here to-day. I will only say that he was my senior six years, and I have known him since 1835, and intimately known him since 1840. In that great campaign of 1840 with such men as Jordon, James Madison, John Marshall, George Clark, Judah, McCarthy, Smith, Henry S. Lane, and it was said by Henry Clay that in no other State in the northwest were there such orators as in Indiana, and Richard W. Thompson stood in the front ranks.

"I could enumerate several little anecdotes which occurred between us on up to the present time, but I will not take up your time. I will only say that he was a rare public speaker, combining wit, eloquence and logic. There is not one man out of one hundred that is a public speaker who combines wit, eloquence and logic as that man did.

"Now I cannot say anything more than has been said, but I will say he has done what few men have ever done, he has grown old gracefully, in touch with every generation he has come in contact with. In that respect he is like a benediction to all men. Then I can say another thing which cannot always be said about public men—I am very sorry for it—throw upon his life the searchlight and in private and public life there is not a spot nor a blemish; that of itself is a crown of glory to any man.

"I won't take up your time; I will say we belonged to the same club, the old Tippecanoe Club, organized in 1876. I am the only one here to-day of that club.

"Now we are going to lay away a great and good

man who lived a life pure in public and private, and all honor to his memory and his memory will be a benediction to us all.

Judge Jordan: I will next announce Judge Ared F. White.

Judge Ared F. White.

Mr Chairman "Coming to an hour like this, one could well wish himself the master of the ample vocabulary and chaste diction which characterized the utterances of the distinguished dead whose memory we commemorate to-day. But God does not endow men with such gifts but once in a thousand years. We who have so often been thrilled and captivated by his matchless art, must be content with the plain speech with which we attempt to express the profound sorrow brought by this solemn epoch in the history of our State The people of Parke County do not wish me on this occasion to attempt an analysis of the character of their dead friend. They know it by heart. His relations to them were so affectionate, the habitude of his life among them so simple and ingenious, their regard for him so much that of a neighbor and friend, that the elements of his character have been the topic of affectionate and familiar talks at their firesides for nearly a century Neither do they wish me to recall the long list of civic duties which he discharged with such signal ability and fidelity.

"These things are a part of the history of the Republic, which all remember with pride and gratitude. The occasions will be many in the future, the needs of the

hour will be such that his public record will be studied for the wisdom and inspiration it affords. Much less do they wish me to indulge in panegyric on that marvelous gift with which he so easily led captive the intellect, the sensibilities and the will of thousands. They, too, have been bondsmen to the charm of his eloquence at the bar, on the platform and the hustings.

"All this is within the common knowledge of the people and is the common heritage of all. But they do ask me to come at this hour and in their name and for them to say that their hearts are bowed down with ineffable sadness and the sense of irreparable loss at the death of their neighbor and friend.

"That was an exceedingly appropriate, as well as a pathetic expression of the feeling of the great heart of the common people, when the plain man at the tomb of Webster at Marshfield said: 'Daniel Webster, the world seems lonesome without you.'

"Those who sit at the council of the Nation will miss the wisdom of the experience, the ample knowledge, the conservatism of the statesman now gone. His political comrades in arms will never hear again the clear call of his commands, and will look in vain for his white plume in the fore front of the battle. The church has lost a faithful devotee and a strong defender of the faith. The galaxy of Indiana authors has lost a star whose benign radiance now illumes another sphere.

"The bar has heard for the last time the courtly advocate of the olden time. He has left us for the goodly company of Lincoln and Washington and Abraham and the wise and good beyond the flood.

He has gone to join Howard and Lane and Marshall and Morton and Hendricks and Voorhees who, with himself, gave our State her civic renown, and to meet Kimball and Hovey and Cruft and Lawton in the camps of the Silent Land. Of the trinity of the educational forces of the Prairie City, your Normal School and Polytechnic Institute still remain in present and pristine vigor, but the other and older but yesterday fell to ruin, and is passing to decay. But most of all, as we pass on 'down the cool sequestered vale of life,' shall we miss the benign face, the kindly voice, the charming personality, and inspiration, the affectionate fellowship of our friend. Just now this makes our sorrow inconsolable. We cannot see as yet his name high yonder in the Pantheon for our heads are bowed and our eyes are blurred with tears.

"The old, old fashioned death, but oh! thank God for that older fashion yet, immortality.

"When Rufus Choate was about to embark for a year's absence in Italy, one of his friends upon taking his hand in farewell, said: 'You will be with us a year hence.' Then your great orator, your great lawyer and scholar, who had impressed himself permanently upon the history of New England, replied: 'Sir, I shall be with you a year hence, and a thousand years hence.'

"Our distinguished friend has been with us so long, has become so much a part of the history of the Republic and of the century just closing, that he is not gone. He is with us to-day; he will be with us a year hence and a thousand years hence.

TELEGRAM FROM HON. ROBERT S. TAYLOR.

Ft. Wayne, Ind.

"I regret my inability to be present at the meeting in memory of the lawyer, statesman and patriot whose life was a perpetual inspiration to his fellow citizens and whose death is a personal grief to us all.

"R. S. Taylor."

LETTER OF REGRET FROM HON. GEO. A. KNIGHT OF BRAZIL.

Gentlemen. I received this morning your kind invitation to attend the bar meeting and funeral obsequies of the late Colonel Richard W. Thompson. I very much regret my inability to be present on either occasion. A great and good man, in the fullness of years has fallen and gone to his reward. His family and friends have my deepest sympathy. He was spared to them, by a kind Providence, much longer than the ordinary duration of human life, and the recollection of this fact should prove a source of consolation to them. His career has been an eventful one. His death will be mourned by all who knew him in life. His public life was marked by fidelity to every trust, as his private life has been pure and unsullied. He had a warm, sympathetic heart, was magnanimous and generous, strong in his attachments and devoted to his friends. In his death the State has lost one of

its most distinguished citizens, the country a patriot and statesman of a school of which he was the last survivor. The community in which he spent almost a half century of his useful life will greatly miss him, and deeply mourn his loss. His life-work is ended and at last he has found rest and peace. The memory of his good deeds will long survive. It was my hope that he would live to celebrate the centennial anniversary of his birth, but an all-wise Providence has otherwise ruled and to that decree we must submit. In the grave, to which his mortal remains will soon be consigned, may his rest be peaceful and his sleep sweet. I pay this last sad tribute to his memory and cast this sprig of affection and esteem upon his bier before the grave closes upon his manly form forever."

LETTER FROM HONORABLE THOMAS J. GOLDEN, MARSHALL, ILL.

"Speaking as a single member of the profession, not claiming to represent any bar or class, I believe I state what is literally true when I say that Colonel Thompson was held in high and honored estimation by the bench and bar and people of Illinois, regardless of party or creed.

"His noble and commanding presence was always instinct with benediction and the kindliest courtesy His Chesterfieldian grace of manners and fervid oratory never failed to excite the deepest respect and the closest attention. His long and glorious life almost spanned the 19th century, two-thirds of it on the public

stage,—expiring in the closing days of the century, 'ripe in years and honors,' he joins the great majority and in the life beyond inverts the natural order in finding that he is younger there than the other eminent men of his day and generation who have gone before

"A remembrance of his charming hallowed personality will long linger on the banks of the Wabash and his tongue and pen will ever speak on the recorded pages of the history-making epoch of his grand life. He leaves a record that needs no eulogy.

"Respectfully,

"T. J. GOLDEN."

LETTER FROM HONORABLE W. P. FISHBACK, INDIANAPOLIS.

"It was my good fortune to be a friend and admirer of Colonel Thompson for many years. His friends can speak of him without reserve—there is no place for apology or exaggeration in speaking of the life of such a man. What a life crowned with length of days and honors. A great lawyer—a partisan without rancor or malice—without a quality that would make him disliked by any human being."

Judge Jordan: I take pleasure in announcing Honorable M. G. Rhoads of Newport, Indiana:

HONORABLE M. G. RHOADES.

MR. PRESIDENT: In Vermillion County, which it

is my privilege to represent on this sad occasion, Colonel Thompson seemed to be one of our own citizens.

Men were accustomed to speak of him as one whom they knew well, whom they trusted, whom they loved. And when the news came that he was dying, and then that he was dead, we were shocked as when a most intimate friend has passed over the river.

What was it about him, what characteristics had he, that others were so attached to him?

Already, these other gentlemen who have spoken so feelingly of our deceased friend, have mentioned his qualities of mind and heart, and have told in what manner he won in the battle of life.

It was not my fortune to know personally anything about the charmed circle of his home life, but I have met him at the bar, on the bench, in the political arena, and on the platform. I have read his books. In all of these places, he was eminent, and was the idol of those who knew him.

Colonel Thompson began his life very early in the 19th century. His youth and early manhood were subjected to that older and more stately influence which produced such men as Webster and Hayne, Clay and Calhoun, Lyman Beecher and Alexander Campbell, and other great men of that period. In those days the press had but little influence in shaping the opinions of men.

They, who had a happy diction and a graceful style of speech, were the centers of power. Men went to hear them speak, not only to be pleased but to be informed upon the questions of the day.

When Colonel Thompson was Judge of the Ver-

million Circuit Court, he said to me in my office that while he was yet a boy, he met the old masters of oratory at Washington and got to reading their speeches; that he admired Henry Clay most because of his thrilling flights and keen, cutting remarks, "and," said he,—shaking the ashes from his one-half smoked cigar—"I think I insensibly fell into some of their ways, and whatever of oratory I possess is due largely to the influence of those years." Following such models, he became what people were pleased to call him "the silver-tongued Orator of the Wabash," and later, as the years grew upon him, they named him "the Old man-eloquent."

Then, Colonel Thompson was a good man. I do not mean simply that he was religious or moral, in his private life, nor that he was honest in paying his debts. There is a larger sense in which goodness applies to a man as a characteristic. In all the relations of life he was so constituted mentally and morally that, like the Master in whom he profoundly believed, "he went about doing good." He responded to every call for charity. If the public wanted a new enterprise, his voice rang out in its advocacy If his church was without a pastor, he supplied the vacancy with a lecture. If a friend lacked bread he supplied the loaves and fishes.

Everywhere, and all through his long life, he labored for others' welfare without hope of reward, and thus he endeared himself to the masses as few men have done.

A great poet has said:

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

"The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft' interred with their bones."

But a greater than he has written:

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

The poet was wrong and the inspired writer is correct.

Who to-day has recalled any evil thing which Colonel Thompson did? Who, in all this assembly of men who knew him best, can recall an instance of bad faith, a broken pledge, or friendship betrayed? Who, that cannot point to hundreds of instances where his great abilities and accomplishments were used to advance the cause of right? The evening sun will have set before you, my friends, could enumerate the instances within your knowledge of his works of benevolence and charity

And so it will be, as the funeral procession this afternoon shall bear his honored remains to their last resting place, amid the tears and sorrowings of his devoted friends, and occasion will but strengthen our memory of his great and worthy deeds.

Colonel Thompson is indeed "at rest from his labors;" but his mantle has fallen upon us; and the precious influence of his noble life shall distill its sweetness upon our children and our children's children, for "his works do follow him."

INTERVIEWS AND POEM

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

Aet. 5

Interviews and Poem

HON. W. H. H. MILLER,

Ex-Attorney General United States

He was a man that everybody in the Republican party especially loved. Even those of us who consider ourselves old in the party looked upon him as a grand old character when we were boys. In the nature of things he must go, yet he will be greatly missed in his party and by the people of the State. He was a man of great attainments and experience, of great repute in public affairs.

GEN. McGINNIS,

Postmaster, Indianapolis, Indiana.

I have known Colonel Thompson a good many years and have always found him to be a true and considerate friend. He certainly was a good old man. In one of the last conversations I held with him we were talking about a big speech I heard him deliver at Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1840. Mr. Thompson was a member of Congress at that time and was on his way home, traveling by stage from Washington City to Indiana. Chillicothe was my home at that time. When Mr. Thompson's friends learned he would be in town, they stopped him and he delivered the speech I spoke of.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

HON. JOHN G. WILLIAMS,

Indianapolis, Indiana.

In 1869, when, as a young lawyer, I went to Terre Haute, I met Colonel Thompson frequently. In 1877 I succeeded him as General Counsel of the Vandalia Company I was, from the first, greatly impressed by his pleasing, kindly, courtly personality. He was particularly charming and agreeable in his associaton with and treatment of young men, always extending to them the greatest consideration. He carried the fine flavor of the Virginia gentleman of the old school, not only in his deportment, but in his accent, to the day of his death. In private and in public life, he was above reproach. Twenty-five or thirty years ago he lived about four miles out of Terre Haute He owned a number of good horses, and, winter and summer, rode to town with a grace of horsemanship that plainly showed his Virginia blood.

HONORABLE FREDERICK LANDIS.

The patriarch is gone.

The kind old sage of Terre Haute is dead.

Last week the old folks of Indiana thought of Richard Thompson. His name was spoken in cities and towns and out in the country where love never wears out and heroes seem taller than anywhere else. While men stood in groups by the meeting house door and as they squinted their

eyes to see through the past and said something about "Sumter" and "Lincoln" and "Uncle Dick," their voices trembled a little.

Richard Thompson belonged to these men. He was their leader a lifetime ago, for Indiana was but a child when his voice first rang through the forest and he rode to fame in the saddle.

The issues he discussed are now deep in the books; his contemporaries have been dead and forgotten for years; grandfathers are his namesakes and little children his dearest friends.

For some reason, possibly this Indiana air, most people remember the first political speech they ever heard, and as it is fashionable to take the babies to political meetings along the Wabash, a good many cut teeth on propositions vital to the Nation.

Richard Thompson was my first speaker, and to this day he stands on the shadowy frontier of my memory.

He was an old man then. He always was an old man. I remember the closing sentence in that early speech about the tariff: "I am for prosperity here at home."

* * *

What a magic there was in this venerable gentleman's conversation. He could populate historic scenes with the real inhabitants thereof. He could do it for he was there.

Many of the men he knew and with whom he served his country, seem in our exaggerated vision to have lived ages ago, and the little visits he

paid to the shrines of the past charmed his State and held childhood spellbound.

* * *

In the Sycamore City he was a sort of Universal Grandfather, and many the flowers on his table and unnumbered the joys in his heart strewn by the affectionate hand of Terre Haute.

Nowhere between heaven and earth is there a grander thing than a heart of the hearts of thousands.

The people down there looked upon "Uncle Dick" as the one whose wishes had a perpetual right of way through all the days of his life.

For instance, I know of a band of young ladies who organized for the purpose of spending two nights each week during the winter with the old gentleman, and on these occasions it is reliably stated that Mr. Thompson never permitted a dreary moment to sit humped up at the fireside.

The Old School is passing. Lane and Morton, Hendricks and Voorhees, Porter and McDonald, and a host of others who led the line in olden times have gone. Turpie and Biddle alone remain of that band which stood on Indiana's stage when the flames of disunion roared and political strife was a thing which included anonymous threats and knives, and a politician was about as hazardous a risk as an insurance company could find.

What a treasure was a memory like that of Richard Thompson. What a panorama, what a

world! A world in which giants of old journeyed their mighty ways. His memory was a history of his country and his knee was the throne of childhood. What a sorrow such a memory passes in an instant and is lost, and yet what a burial Richard Thompson had. It was the burial of a king!

And why?

No, not for noise and pomp and vulgar brass and scarlet. It was kingly, for in the silence there were little folks, and in their upturned faces were tears when Indiana laid her oldest son to rest.

COLONEL R W THOMPSON.

1896.

A statesman true in halls of state,
In argument, in speech, debate,
And unassuming;
Our "grand old man" with honored days,
Upon whose brow the shining "bays"
Have long been blooming

His ringing voice and silver tongue,
That never yet with false note rung,
Nor yet recanted.
His words, his burning eloquence,
With strong mesmeric power intense,
Holds all enchanted.

His wit is like the stars that run,
Or like the flash of noonday sun,
In which we bask us,

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

And cuts as trenchant and as keen
As any shining blade, I ween,
Made in Damascus.

Clean is his heart, clean is his hand,
His good deeds cover all the land,
Like scattered manna.
His history is one fair page,
That all may read: The honored Sage
Of Indiana.

1900.

And now we come from different ways,
And mingle Cypress with the "bays"
We wreathe about him,
With loving hands and hearts that yearn,
Alas! how can we ever learn
To do without him?

To-day his form is lying low,
And love's last tribute we bestow,
For death has won him;
But e'en in death how grand he lies,
With face toward the welcome skies,
God's peace upon him!

Martina Swafford.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON.

At a banquet given by the Thompson Club in the city of Terre Haute, on the evening of June 9th, 1900, the 91st anniversary of the birth of Colonel Thompson, in answer to the toast, "Rich-

ard W. Thompson—here let us renew our faith in the doctrines he proclaimed, and here make high resolve to perpetuate in power the party he loved and served," Mr. Hanly said:*

In Virginia,—the "Old Dominion,"—"mother of states" and "of presidents,"—the home of Washington, of Jefferson, of Madison, and Monroe, of brave men and fair women; where the sons of the "first families" grew to a generous and chivalric manhood, and the daughters to a proud and glorious womanhood, where government was administered and the affairs of state controlled by an aristocracy as by divine right, where in spite of the great Declaration, some were born to command, while others were born to serve; where courtly dignity and lavish hospitality charmed and entertained all who crossed the threshold of this inner and privileged circle;—

At a time when ambition, sin by which the angels fell, had not yet poisoned the waters of patriotism; before the inertia of wealth had enfeebled American manhood, or the greed of gain had dispoiled the people of their moral worth; when the memories of the Revolution were yet undimmed; when there were living veterans of the Brandywine and of Monmouth, who in the summer twilight were wont to tell "how fields were won;" when representative government was yet an experiment; when the great northwest was

> "A solitude
> Of vast extent, untouched by hand of Art,
> Where Nature sowed herself
> And reaped her crops;"

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

In the year 1809,—a year made memorable as the birth-year of great men,—Hamlin, Gladstone, Lincoln, Darwin, Poe, Holmes, Louis Allemond and Mendelssohn; at such a time, and amid such surroundings, Richard Wigginton Thompson was born.

Virginia may claim his birth-place and childhood, but his youth, his mature manhood and his old age, belong to us. He came to Indiana when he and the State both were young Sixty-eight years he dwelt among us, sixty-eight years we saw him come and go before us, sixty-eight years he wrought and taught in our presence, sixty-eight years he lived and toiled, not for himself, but for us. And in all those years,

> "He never made a brow look dark,
> Nor caused a tear but when he died."

If, "What a man does for others, not what they do for him, gives him immortality," Richard W. Thompson is immortal. Finite mind cannot measure the value of his services to Indiana. The strands of his life run like entwined threads of silk and gold through all the woof and warp of Hoosier history, from 1832 to 1900.

There was scarcely a phase of life with which his personality did not come in contact and which was not strengthened by his touch.

As a teacher, as a lawyer, as a member of the General Assembly, as a Representative in Congress, as Provost Marshal, as Revenue Collector, as a jurist, as a member of the President's Cabinet, as an orator, as a publicist, and in his life as a private citizen, he demonstrated that,

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

"The bravest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds both great and small,
Are close knit strands of an unbroken thread."

I did not have more than a slight acquaintance with Colonel Thompson, and yet, without his knowledge, our life lines crossed in my childhood, and the touch left a lasting impress upon my future.

When thirteen years of age I walked barefooted a distance of twelve miles to hear Will Cumback deliver a Fourth of July oration in Champaign, Illinois. It was my first celebration. I had attended public school little or none. My father's library consisted of the Bible, a biography of John Wesley, another of Orange Scott, and a history of the Civil War. In these I had learned to read. They had constituted my world. Cumback's speech was a revelation to me. It inspired a desire to learn something of the world and its affairs. A few months later my opportunity came. A Republican rally was advertised for Danville, Illinois. I attended this meeting. Speeches were made in the afternoon by men of note, whose names I have long since forgotten. At night there was a great audience. The speaker of the evening was introduced. Amid a burst of applause that grew and swelled into cheers, repeated again and again, he stepped to the front of the platform. He was a man of slight build, erect and active. There was about him a quiet dignity, a courtly grace and regal pose that gave him distinction. His face I thought was pale, and his hair was almost white. His eyes glowed with the fire of conviction. At their first glance they caught and held the attention of my every faculty.

I knew little of public affairs, and nothing of public men; I was ignorant of the great questions of state which then divided the people, but I felt instinctively, before he had said a word, that the man on the platform was an orator.

A moment, and he began to speak. I heard the matchless music of his voice, marvelous in melody, and indescribable in the sweetness of its cadence. I listened to his simple, finished periods, eloquent and rounded, and charged with the electric current of sincerity, and I knew, ignorant as I was, that I stood in the presence of a master of human speech.

For two hours he swayed that assemblage of five thousand people as though it were but one man,

"Played with each wild passion as it went,
Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled."

The most gifted and consummate musician never possessed more absolute mastery of harp or violin than this man had of the hearts and wills of his auditors. They were to him the keys of one vast instrument, five thousand in number, which he touched at will and set to the inspiring music of his own impassioned and masterful eloquence.

As for me, when he closed, he had flung over that night a light,

"That never was by sea or land."

As by Divine power he had set my soul aflame, put ajar the flood gates of thought and opened the windows of faith and hope, until for the first time, I saw

RICHARD W THOMPSON

"The great world's altar-stairs
Slope through darkness up to God."

The beauty, and the pathos, and the power of what I had seen and heard sent me away awed and subdued, but resolved, somehow and in some way, to bear a man's share in the world's affairs. From that hour until the day of his death I loved Richard W. Thompson, for it was he to whom I had listened. Thenceforth he became my idol. I worshipped him in my obscurity, as a child worships some effulgent star set in the darkling canopy of the night and separated from him by illimitable space.

And now after twenty-four years, through the courtesy of the members of this Club, named in his honor, wedded to the doctrines he proclaimed and devoted to the welfare of the party he served, I am permitted in this goodly presence, here in the city where he lived, where he was best known, and most beloved, to pay halting and feeble but sincere tribute to his memory.

I would, Mr Toastmaster, that I could weave a chaplet of fadeless immortelles and set them round about with the rarest gems to be found in the casket of human speech, and leave it with you to be kept forever as a souvenir of my affection for him. An affection born of the service he rendered me, a ragged, barefoot boy, about to start upon the dangerous and uncertain pathway of life. Aye, sir, Webster is right:

"What a man does for others, not what they do for him, gives him immortality."

As he touched, inspired and ennobled my life, he

touched and inspired and ennobled the lives of thousands of other men and women. These are his fittest monument, and are his surest guarantee of lasting and enduring fame.

Men measure all things by comparison For example, the height of a tree does not depend wholly upon the distance from its root to its topmost branch. It is low or tall according to the place it occupies above or below the surrounding forest. If it towers above the plane of the forest about it, we say it is a tall tree, without much regard to its actual height. It is tall by comparison.

So it is with men. We measure them by their contemporaries and declare them to be great or small according as they rise above or sink below the level of the generation to which they belong As to men this is a just measurement. It is fair that they should be estimated in the light of their own environment, and not in that of the conditions which surrounded other ages; and that they should be compared with the men of their own times and not with those of other epochs. It requires greater qualities to win renown in an age of intellectual activity, of learning, of inquiry, of discovery and achievement than it does in an age of mental stupor, of ignorance, of idleness and retrogression, but, though this be true, a man may not justly claim distinction because of his superiority over men who lived in less favored times than his. To win enduring fame he must surpass all but the few great men of his own time, and them he must equal.

In the days of Demosthenes or Cicero, the man who claimed distinction as an orator was required to

speak with those great masters, and in the times of Raphael or of Michael Angelo there were no great painters except those whose pictures would compare with theirs.

Measured by this standard, Colonel Thompson is put to a supreme test. He lived in a wonderful age,—the world's greatest century, the marvel of the race, in a century of invention and discovery, of great intellectual development and of unrivalled effort on the part of human kind everywhere, and especially in the New World; a century of great deeds and of great men, and yet he achieved distinction.

For ninety years he stood among mental giants and walked among intellectual athletes, and he always measured even up with the best of them. Among his contemporaries were James Marshall, Caleb Smith, Henry S. Lane and Oliver P. Morton, Ed A. Hannagan, Daniel W. Voorhees, Joe E. McDonald and Thomas A. Hendricks.

With the first four of these he rode the lists as a friend, with lance in rest, or with them charged the foe. The last four he met for years in fierce and impassioned debate, and ever kept for them the welcome of a swordsman's thrust. When they worsted him, as they sometimes did, he asked no quarter, but bared his breast to their fiercest blows. When they, as more often happened, lay unhorsed and helpless before him, his upraised blade was stayed, and he generously gave to them that which he would not ask for himself. Thus he came and went among these men until he won their respect, their confidence and their love.

He survived them all. One by one he saw them

lay their weapons down, gird their mantles close about them, and launch their barks upon that mysterious sea,

> "That never yet has borne on any wave
> The image of a homeward sail."

He watched them until their boats had gone beyond the "misty caps of years," and then he turned again to fight on alone amid new scenes and against strange foes, and to pluck fresh laurels from other fields.

Nor did he pause until the day was spent, and the sunset's glow was followed by the shadows of the eventide. Then weary at last with the weight of years, he, too, laid his weapons by and sought refuge in the bosom of his family, there to become the center of a Christian home and the idol of a grateful people.

At last the summons came for him. He was prepared to go. He was ready for the boatman. Silently they put to sea, and you and we were left alone upon the strand.

> "How calm his exit.
> Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
> Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft."

He went, but

> "He left a name and fame above the blight,
> Of earthly breath;
> Beautiful, beautiful and bright,
> In life and death."

We know that Colonel Thompson is dead; that death is the destiny of every life; that we ourselves must soon go the way of nature and with our departed

friend, find a mansion within the tomb. Yet we mourn for him and are not comforted. We long for "a touch of the vanished hand," for a sight of the placid face. We strain our ears to catch again the notes of a tongue we know is silent, the music of a voice we know is hushed.

We know he is gone; that God has willed it, but tonight our rebellious hearts will not have it so. We stretch our hands across the waste and cry, "Come back, come back," though we know there will come no answer.

Were it not for the Christ, for faith in Him and a belief in man's immortality, our hearts would burst with grief. There would be no hope, no consolation, no purpose in Gethsemane.

The Christian's grief is solaced by his hope of a life beyond the grave, and by his belief that there is somewhere in the vast infinitude of space a place where congenial spirits again do meet and know;—a clime where the shattered links of affection's broken chain are forged anew,—a land where immortal souls do dwell,—where sin and death come not forever.

Colonel Thompson lived a life so strong, so clean and pure as to fit him for eternal life in such a sphere. He believed in God, in the Christ, and in the immortality of the soul. He possessed a faith that did not doubt, a trust that did not falter. In the midst of sorrow he was able to look up and say, "Not mine, O, God, but Thine."

Tonight he would not that we should mourn for him, but that our tears were dried and our hearts less sad. He would have us prove our affection by deeds

and not by words,—by duties done, by things achieved and by victories won.

Here then let us be comforted. Let us here renew our faith in the doctrines he proclaimed, and here make high resolve to perpetuate in power the party he loved and served. Let us take up the weapons he dropped in death, while they are yet warm from his hand clasp, and with them continue the struggle in behalf of liberty and of good government, even as he would have continued it had he lived. Let us face the morning, girded and equipped for battle.

UNVEILING EXERCISES

Inscription on Bust

COLONEL
RICHARD W. THOMPSON

JUNE 9, 1809—FEBRUARY 9, 1900

ORATOR STATESMAN
PATRIOT FRIEND

Unveiling Exercises

UNVEILING OF THOMPSON BUST

On Thursday, December 11, 1902, the unveiling of the Memorial Bust of the late Colonel R W. Thompson took place in the Circuit Court Room. On the wall behind the speaker's desk was a large portrait of Colonel Thompson. Lyman P. Alden presided at the meeting. Rev. C. W. Tinsley of Centenary M E. Church delivered a prayer and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Frank M. Fox of the Washington Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Colonel W. E. McLean delivered the address, after which the people assembled in the northeast corner of the court house yard in front of the monument, when the formal unveiling took place. Mr. E. H. Bindley, a friend of the Thompson family and a director of the Thompson Memorial Association, removed the veil from the monument, while the Ringold band played "The Star Spangled Banner."

"THE THOMPSON MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Was organized at a meeting of our citizens, held in the Central Presbyterian Church, on the even-

ing of Friday, February 23, 1900, at which the following were chosen:

DIRECTORS.

WILLIAM C. BALL,	J. C. KOLSEM,
EDWIN H. BINDLEY,	JAS. S. BARCUS,
DEMAS DEMING,	WILLIAM R. MCKEEN,
CRAWFORD FAIRBANKS,	D. W. MINSHALL,
AUGUSTUS C. FORD,	CHARLES C. OAKEY,
A. Z. FOSTER,	WILLIAM W. PARSONS,
ADOLPH HERZ,	MORTON C. RANKIN,
BENJ G. HUDNUT,	HARRY P TOWNLEY,
HERMAN HULMAN, SR.,	J. SMITH TALLEY,
RAY G. JENCKES,	MRS. C. W. MANCOURT,
DR. S. J YOUNG,	MRS. MOSES H. WATERS,
JOHN T BEASLEY,	MRS. WILLIAM H WILEY.

And the directors elected Lyman P. Alden, President, and George E. Farrington, Secretary and Treasurer

The Secretary stated: It is difficult to particularize as to those who were most active in promoting and carrying out to a finish the object of the Association. Among the organizations contributing the larger amounts were the Terre Haute Bar Association, U. S. Revenue Service employees, the Jackson Club, Thompson Club, the City Schools, the State Normal School, Wabash Cycling Club, Ft. Harrison Club. There were many small subscriptions that came from the hearts of those, who, though not blessed with much of worldly goods, freely contributed their mite.

RICHARD W THOMPSON

ADDRESS OF COLONEL W. E. McLEAN.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN The occasion which calls us together is one which is invested with an interest that appeals most strongly to every good citizen.

Dr Tinsley's prayer has suggested to me a thought eminently fitting to this occasion. Our hope for remembrance, our desire to remember friends and benefactors I regard as among the warmest and purest sentiments of our natures. To the former we cling stronger as life itself grows weaker We know that we shall forget but the thought of being forgotten is the death knell to the spirit. Though our bodies moulder we would all have our memories live. When we are gone we will hear no murmuring voice of affection, we will hear no grateful tribute of praise, still we hope that that voice will be raised and that tribute paid. Few so humble that they sink below, none so exalted that they rise above this common feeling of humanity

When we contemplate the scene here enacted, and the work which has been done, when we reflect upon the noble purpose which has prompted this work, we cannot but feel that there is an inspiration about an occasion like the present calculated to arouse the finer feelings and stir the nobler emotions of our hearts. To-day it can be said that Terre Haute unveils a monument, which it has reared, not only in honor of a distinguished citizen who has gone to his great reward, but a monument which attests the high-toned liberality, the enlightened progress of our people.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

In the simple and impressive ceremonial, incident to this occasion in unveiling, for the public gaze, the memorial bust of our departed friend, our people not only do honor to the memory of Colonel Thompson, but they confer still greater honor upon themselves. It is a step in the direction of higher ideals The bust which will mark this public square not only speaks a fitting, a most grateful tribute of respect and admiration for the gifted citizen whom it is designed to honor, and whose likeness it portrays, but it will stand a monument of Terre Haute's magnificent manhood, an ardent citizenship, enthusiastic, liberal and progressive, no caste, no bigotry, no petty spirit in business, generous without prodigality, magnanimous without ostentation, they have not forgotten their most illustrious son, their peerless citizen, who, on that February day, 1900, fell from his high place in the ranks of living men, and who now sleeps in peace and in honor, unmindful alike of sunshine or of storm, in our new and beautiful City of the Dead.

Altho dead, he still lives. His name and his memory live enshrined in the hearts of our people, whose liberality has erected, upon a pedestal of our own enduring Indiana stone, appropriately taken from quarries of his old home at Bedford, a handsome and lifelike bust, in bronze, which portrays the face and features of our best known, our most distinguished fellow citizen.

As we look upon this bust, we hear again, in memory, those stirring tones, which used to thrill, as with electric spell, the assembled multitudes, again we hear his burning and impassioned words, which once rang

out amid tumultuous applause upon enraptured auditors. In its contemplation we recall that commanding presence, charming the delighted masses, with his eloquent and flowing diction, now easy and familiar, now stately and dignified; now beautiful and varied as the hues of the rainbow, often aggressive and rugged, in sinewy strength, or lofty and grand in eloquent declamation. He would clothe the thoughts of poetry with the inspiration of oratory and in the tones of music. I feel that the pure spirit of our grand old citizen, our "Old Man Eloquent," if it hovers over the scene here presented, must thrill with purest delight over this heartfelt tribute of friendly affection, which these exercises so fittingly typify. It is pleasing to reflect that gratitude to public benefactors is one of the noblest sentiments animating the human heart, and it is this God-given sentiment which has given birth to the work in bronze, this day unveiled and dedicated.

If I have no other equipment for the part assigned me, upon this occasion, I can say, without violating the most scrupulous dictates of truth and sincerity that I cherish a regard almost filial for the man, in whose honor, and to perpetuate whose memory, the exercises of the day are held.

Colonel Thompson died in the midst of the people who had loved and honored him, and whom he had thrilled by his silver-tongued eloquence, for more than two generations of men, in a City whose growth and progress was the delight of his heart, in a State in which, as a poor young man, hardly twenty years of age, he had cast his lot, before its border was touched, as yet, by the picket lines of civilization. The ver-

dant hills and unbroken forests of Lawrence County was the theatre of his early manhood, where he soon became a popular idol, honored by a seat in our State Senate, and a membership in Congress which he achieved in the famous campaign of 1840. Lawrence County first discovered him—first brought him out—first proclaimed his greatness. Soon, however, the attractions of our then primitive city and our beautiful Fort Harrison prairie lured him to us, coming here when in the meridian luster of his unrivalled powers, his name even then familiar in every cabin in the State. It was in this new field of labor, as a Terre Hautean, that his genius reached its golden prime.

Colonel Thompson won his greatness. His only avenue to honor was that broad and rugged highway which is open to all. The power and influence which aided him he himself created. The money which he made and which we all know he spent so freely, came from no ancestral source. Wealth, he never sought to accumulate. If he left the public service as the head of a great department of the government, with hands that were empty, we—his fellow-townsmen—know that he left it, as he left public life, with hands that were clean. Having the disbursing of millions of money, his fine nature was such that the golden stream never tempted him. He believed that material triumphs were not the highest, but that above and beyond mere financial success there are achievements which ennoble the race and glorify our being.

Living until nearly ninety-one years—and not one idle, misspent day in all these years—he never permitted himself intellectually to become a back number.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON

Few men there are indeed who progress until the end of so many long years. Born in 1809, when the paint was still fresh on the only steamboat in the world, it was a kind Providence which willed that he should never become an irresponsible charge, groaning under his weight of years, and groping his way "in the Midnight of an unbalanced mind." His imperial reason was not dethroned until stricken by the shaft of death itself. Time bore him most gently upon its purest current, until the gates of a purer eternity opened to receive him. Of him it may be said, as was said of Gladstone, in his latter years, "that to have been one hour in his company, or under the witchery of his eloquence, was to gain the strongest argument for the immortality of the soul."

Every one of his ninety years on earth, from the time of his youthful manhood, was a year of effort, of accomplishment, of benefit to his neighborhood, his State, our Country, and humanity. Where was there a better representative of the finest type of the American gentleman than our departed friend? We can say, with pardonable pride, that no aristocracy of the old world has ever produced more winning personalities, by reason of intellectual strength and brilliancy, tact, refinement of manners, and the truest courtesy than has this democracy of ours. A born leader among men, he was a man whom Plutarch would delight to describe, or Van Dyke paint upon his immortal canvas. It may be said of him, as was said of Mr. Clay, by one of his admirers, "wherever he sat was the head of the table." Always a partisan, he was devoid of the flimsy beguilements of the smooth politician. He wore

no party uniform when the country was rocked in the fierce flames of Civil War. His patriotism was circumscribed by no State lines, by no political party, by no sectarian creed. His was a patriotism which leaped the barriers of section and embraced every State. A Virginian by birth, an Indianian by choice, in the darkest days of the War he was a Union man for the sake of the Union, believing that greater than Virginia, and grander than Indiana, were the stars and stripes floating over the United States. He had faith in his countrymen, of every section, and a fervent hope that the constitution of his country would rule triumphant over the wrecks of hatred.

In several of the great National and State Conventions of his party, it was his high function to write the platform of the campaign, but he never essayed the role of a political boss, a character indigenous only to American soil, and one of our least desirable products. He never badgered the fickle goddess of political fortune for her favors, nor chaffed at the restraints of unsatisfied ambition. His party was ever suppliant for his powers, for his influence, and brought many a rich chaplet unsought and laid it upon his brow. A cabinet officer, at a time when great questions were throbbing in the National heart, his fine temperament was never corrupted by the mere lust for office. Office he did not seek; it sought him. He was never a patient in the "Hospital for political incurables." Having the respect of his fellow-citizens, of all parties, he was one of the men who make politics endurable.

> "Statesman—yet friend of truth, of soul sincere,
> In action faithful, in honor clear,

Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend."

We know not what fate awaits the history of our country and her greatest men. The heaven of our history is starred by the names of the great men of the Republic, but they may not be remembered many centuries hence. There is no patent for oblivion. "Passing away" is written upon the foreheads of all men. Nothing human is stable, nothing secure. By far the great majority of us must be content to be as though we had not been, trusting only to find our names in the register of God, though they be not found in the record of man. But we have faith that among the few things which time and oblivion may spare, for many generations to come, at least among the unnumbered millions who will play their parts, in this beautiful and fertile Wabash valley, there will be preserved, in the pantheon of their hearts, to a lasting memory the name which friendship and love and affection have inscribed upon that shaft that posterity may read it:—

COLONEL RICHARD W. THOMPSON,
ORATOR—STATESMAN—PATRIOT—FRIEND